The Nation.

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The Week.

By his letter to Mr. John G. Milburn, Judge Parker has given precision to his attitude on the question of Philippine independence. Says the Democratic candidate: "You are entirely right in assuming that, as I employed the phrase 'self-government,' it was intended to be identical with independence, political and territorial." And he adds: "But to take away all possible opportunity for conjecture, it shall be made clear in the letter of acceptance that I am in hearty accord with that plank in the Democratic platform which advocates treating the Filipinos precisely as we did the Cubans. . . ." Mr. Parker has thus dared to use the word "independence," against which indiscretion Secretary Taft and President Roosevelt have so solemnly warned the country. We venture to assert not only that the Philippine heavens will not fall in consequence, but that Mr. Parker's utterance, by opening for the Filipinos the door of hope so mercilessly closed by President McKinley in 1899, will do more to establish friendly relations between them and Americans than any single action of Mr. McKinley and his successor.

One of the most paradoxical theories regarding the outcome of the campaign which we have yet seen is ventilated by no less an authority than the Hartford *Courant*. It is, in brief, that the stronger the candidate put up by the Opposition, the better Roosevelt's chances will be. The steps of the reasoning are these: The better the Democratic candidate, the less will business be unsettled. The less business is unsettled, the less inclined will the people be for a change. It works out as beautifully as the old problem of Achilles and the hare, but we fear it is not the theory on which Mr. Roosevelt's managers are proceeding. A somewhat close examination of Republican speeches, editorials, and cartoons, fails to reveal an instance in which the Democracy is portrayed as on a parity with the Grand Old Party. Partisan pens and pencils must be sacrificing votes by the thousand in their desperate efforts to convince the country that the Democrats are not to be trusted. According to the *Courant's* theory, the surest way to make Roosevelt votes is to praise Parker. This may be good metaphysics, but it is not good politics. The Republican dismay at having to confront a Democracy with neither free-silver horns nor a Populistic tail to seize hold of, recalls Mark Twain's story of the champion bulldog whose only tactics in a fight were to shut his teeth on his enemy's hind leg. This dog overcame all rivals for years, but met defeat finally at the teeth of a dog whose hind legs had been cut off by a circular saw.

A pretty sharp ear is needed to detect a "keynote" in Thursday night's Democratic ratification meeting in Brooklyn. The occasion and the speakers were such as to furnish opportunity for "one clear note" regarding the tariff. But vibrant the utterances were not. All winter long the efforts of the Democratic leaders in Congress were bent on narrowing the issue of the coming election down to the tariff. Their success was such that one Republican leader after another frankly admitted, prior to the Chicago Convention, that the issue was in truth to be what Mr. John Sharp Williams had been striving so hard to make it. The two platforms were drawn in recognition of the fact that a sharp distinction existed between the aims of the two parties regarding the tariff. The Republican plank contained these categorical statements: "Protection, which guards and develops our industries, is a cardinal policy of the Republican party"; "we insist upon the maintenance of the principles of protection." The Democratic platform was even more vigorous. It declared that "the Democratic party has been and will continue to be the consistent opponent of that class of tariff legislation by which certain interests have been permitted, through Congressional favor, to draw a heavy tribute from the American people." And it added: "We denounce protection as a robbery of the many to enrich the few, and we favor a tariff limited to the needs of the Government, economically administered." But listen to Edward M. Shepard, who presided at Brooklyn. He said that the Democratic nominees stand for a sincere and persistent effort to reform the tariff, and especially to abolish or reduce those duties the plain effect of which is "not to extend or diversify American industry." How striking the contrast to the St. Louis declaration!

The movement to nominate ex-Senator Vilas as Governor of Wisconsin is one of the first signs we have had that the Democrats of the State are awake to the extraordinary opportunity which the situation in that State gives them. It shows at least that they are looking for a man of a type to command independent support. To nominate George W. Peck of "Bad Boy" fame, whose two elections as Governor were due to an issue long since dead, would be a serious mistake. As for the ex-Postmaster-General, he has unquestionably been, in the course of his public career, extremely unpopular in his own State, but his courageous stand against his party in 1896 may have won recognition in a State that rejected Bryanism by overwhelming majorities, while his eight years of retirement from active politics may have softened old-time animosities. At all events, the merest expediency demands the nomination by the Democrats of a high-class candidate who can attract conservative men of both parties. The Radicals will be with La Follette, while the corporate interests and hide-bound adherents of the older order will be against him in any case. The balance of power will undoubtedly lie with those voters who are not frightened by either of the conflicting cries of "octopus" and "demagogue."

We commend to all our readers, without distinction of party or sex, the long catalogue of virtues with which Secretary Taft on Friday garnished his Montpelier eulogy of President Roosevelt. The President lacks pride of opinion, is amenable to reason, anxious to reach just conclusions, quick of apprehension, changes his opinions readily if the facts demand, believes in doing things, loves physical exercise, considers that brain and muscle were given for use; is an American, a patriot; loves his wife and children; sympathizes with labor and capital alike; hates shams; is anxious to avoid war. Of such is the Presidential kingdom of heaven. Mr. Taft's attitude towards Filipino independence, generous as his words are in many respects, is that of a man who regards independence as an evil. Dwelling upon the duty of educating the Filipinos for self-government—a task requiring a century or more, he has said on other occasions—he adds:

> "Then, if they desire independence, let them have it. But if we bring them in behind the tariff wall, if they see that association with the United States is beneficial to them, as I verily believe it will be, it is quite unlikely that they will desire full independence. It is quite likely they will prefer that association which exists between England and Australia or between England and Canada."

That is, Mr. Taft has no hope that the Philippines will become States of the Union, and he evidently thinks a completely independent status should be avoided. Here we have the real point of party cleavage in the matter. The Republicans regard the possession of these islands as a piece of good luck; they keep the future an open question, because, moved by false national pride and hope of commercial profit, they deside to shape our insular policy towards the permanent retention of the archipelago. The Democrats, on the con-

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trary, regard our presence in the Philippines as a misfortune, and, believing that their independence is for their good and ours, would promise them independence, and shape the colonial government to hasten that end.

The fight which the Massachusetts Democrats are making for tariff reform is a real fight, not a sham. Like the Jews of old, each man is building over against his own house. The party orators are eschewing the platitudes that have so long done service, and are appealing to the self-interest of the people they address. They are, in fact, following in the steps of the Republican "friends of protection." But no tariff "stand-patter" ever made a more powerful appeal to local self-interest in behalf of a Chinese trade wall than was made on Saturday at Cambridge for freer trade with the outside world. One of the speakers at a big rally asked Cambridge what had become of its large glass-manufacturing industry. "Your glass-works," he said, "have met the same fate that overtook the glass-works in Sandwich and South Boston, and today the glass industry has practically ceased to exist in the State of Massachusetts." And what, he added, has become of the Gilmore rolling-mill, the Bay State Metal Works, the Standard Brass Company, the Damon Safe Company? Where, too, are the twenty-four furniture factories that did business in Cambridge less than twenty years ago? What drove Geldowsky, the Badgers, the Doe-Hunnewell concern, Rourke & Kennedy, Graves & Phelps, and others out of existence? One answer can be given to all these questions—these great industries have passed away for want of cheap raw materials. The tariff on coal, iron, lumber, and other articles is to blame. Facts like these are stubborn things in the face of Republican arguments regarding the blessings of protection.

Newfoundland is so chagrined over our action on the Hay-Bond treaty that she is talking of retaliation. Premier Bond is unable to conceal the fact that the island has nothing to expect from this country, and that consequently it would be only a reasonable change of attitude for the Newfoundlanders to put themselves on their defence. The action that is hinted is a withdrawal of the bait privileges from American fishermen. This, it is asserted, would be highly disastrous to the New England fisheries. All the squid, caplin, and herring used for bait are caught, it is claimed, in Newfoundland waters, and only there. "Just why this is true," exclaims the correspondent of an American paper, "has puzzled many a learned body of scientific inquirers." There is one person, however, whom it has not puzzled—Senator Henry Cabot Lodge. That stout opponent of the Hay-Bond treaty disposed of the bait question in short order in his recent Canadian reciprocity speech. American fishermen, he declared, "do not care whether Newfoundland refuses them bait or not, for with modern refrigerating arrangements they can supply themselves perfectly well from Eastport or Gloucester." The Senator failed to tell us where Eastport and Gloucester are to get the bait to put into the refrigerators; he perhaps figures that we can produce anything in this country if we only tax it high enough.

The effect of the new Canadian duty on steel rails will be studied with keen interest in the United States. In 1903 the Dominion enacted a duty of $7 a ton, which was to go into effect "when satisfactory evidence was furnished to the Government that rails of the best quality were being made in Canada in sufficient quantity to supply the ordinary demand." The measure now goes into force because, as is alleged, a rail mill is at last in successful operation at Sault Ste. Marie. The new duty is subject to the British preferential, and will not apply to rails actually contracted for abroad at this date. It will not, in short, shut out the rails which our mills have recently been selling to Canadian roads at about $19 a ton. But will it prevent further "dumping" by American mills? Rails are nominally $28 in this country, but large purchasers are believed to be paying about $25, or $6 more than has been charged across the line. Adding the new $7 duty to $19, the result is $26. But this is not all. Mr. Fielding's new "anti-dumping" regulation provides that all goods imported at special concessions shall be taxed at their full value in the original market, and in addition shall pay a duty equal to the difference between the "dumping" price and that charged to consumers in the producing country. This special tax cannot, however, amount to more than half the ordinary customs duty, and in the case of certain commodities it is restricted to 15 per cent. of the latter. It looks on the face as if American rails must hereafter, on the basis of a "dumping" price of $19, cost in Canada considerably more than the price paid by roads this side of the line.

The annual report of the Commissioner of Pensions is melancholy reading. "It is indeed sorrowful to contemplate," as Commissioner Ware says, "that the number of deaths among the soldier-pensioners for the year was 31,728," and the effect is heightened by the statement that 47,000 are expected to die in the next twelve months. But there are other things in the report to occasion melancholy feelings; such, for instance, as the fact that, though the number of pensioners declined from 996,545 to 994,762, the amount paid increased from $137,759,653 to $141,093,571. That is, with 1,783 fewer names on his books, Commissioner Ware paid out $3,333,935 more in money. Let us hope that an increase of more than 15,000 deaths in the present fiscal year will not have an effect upon future pension disbursements proportionate in any measure to that resulting from the decrease in the list of names last year. The report has, of course, something to say about the arbitrary increase in the size of pensions on account of advancing age. Evidently Executive Order No. 78 did not have time before the close of the last fiscal year really to display its beneficent character. Under it 47,109 claims were filed by June 30, and in the last three months of the year 18,627 claims were allowed. Of these, 8,761 were $2 increases, "and the time was so short between filing and adjudication" that the payments due prior to July 1 amounted to less than $90,000. In other words, it was impossible in the time at its disposal for the pension department to use up more than so much of the $1,500,000 voted by Congress to carry out Order No. 78, and the balance had to go back again into the Treasury. Plainly, the order will have to do better than this, or it will be regarded with contempt by the Grand Army of the Republic. In fact, that organization, at its Boston meeting a fortnight ago, urged the keeping up of the good fight for service-pension legislation just as if Order No. 78 had never been issued. Is it convinced that, after all, legislative law is better than executive law?

The establishment of food laboratories in connection with the custom houses here and at other ports is decidedly for the interest of importers. It is possible to enforce the food laws just as strictly by sending samples to Washington and keeping every shipment waiting at the port until the analysis is made; but with an adequate force of chemists on the spot, delays and vexations of this kind can be avoided. It is now a little more than a year since the law relating to foreign food products went into effect, and in that time, through general knowledge of the requirements on the part of shippers, the percentage of inadmissible food and drink from abroad has been decreased from 22 to 15. The law is rather a curious one, and not altogether just, as, for instance, in the provision which may shut out German sausage from our ports because Germany excludes ours; but the good it has done and will do must be great. Its faults are those which could hardly be avoided in a measure that was made partly retaliatory to suit the American manufacturer, and partly hygienic to protect the home consumer. It is a good illustration of the motives that determine legislation, that the dif-

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ficulty which our products had in entering foreign markets promptly engendered a national food law covering products from abroad, which years of agitation have not secured with reference to the home market.

Insufficient attention has been given by the press to the conclusion of the Government board named to investigate the subject of the control of wireless telegraphy in this country. The composition of the board was such that a recommendation for Government control was expected. Nor was the expectation disappointed. All supervision and control is vested in the hands of the War, Navy, and Agricultural Departments. In certain cases, it is admitted that private stations are desirable, but these are to be licensed and carefully supervised. The report states further that the maintenance of a complete coastwise system of wireless telegraphy is necessary for the economical management of our fleets in time of peace and their efficient manœuvring in time of war. Here, then, is the first step towards the Government control of telegraphs. If private capital is to be excluded from this field, we see no logical reason why the Government should not similarly manage the telegraphs and telephones—on the plea that the economical and efficient management of our army requires it.

As for the notion that the Government can manage any such business enterprise economically, it is of course preposterous. As the *Electrical World and Engineer* says: "We can imagine the word 'economical' being interpolated by a political member of the board with a sly wink at his fellows." The pretence, too, that control of wireless telegraphy is needed in time of peace will not bear examination. Private stations would doubtless contract to handle all naval and miitary messages at a low rate and give them precedence over all other business. In time of war the stations would naturally pass at once into Federal hands, precisely as the telegraph and cable lines are subject to military supervision after the outbreak of hostilities. All this is so obvious that the technical journal quoted is quite justified in hoping that "the insistence of the Government board on the practical elimination of all civilian elements from its wireless plans does not imply that in this country a Continental military spirit, suspicious of civilian classes, is in process of development." Certainly, there is ground here for a careful inquiry by Congress when that body meets again, particularly in view of the rumored approval of the board's decision by the Washington authorities.

This time it is a bishop, Warren A. Candler, who, in last week's *Independent*, brings good news of the Cuban republic. His recent visit to the island was his seventh. "The order," he finds, "is good, and life and property are as secure as anywhere. The Administration of President Tomas Estrada Palma is commended on all sides." While not a brilliant man, Mr. Palma has had applied to him two adjectives not associated with his friend in the White House—wise and prudent. The veto power he has used admirably, killing a measure—to cite one example—which exempted members of Congress from the ordinary processes of law. The Congressman in whose favor this bill was passed had murdered a man in Santiago. Now he is in prison serving a four years' term, and Bishop Candler asks whether the administration of justice would have been as swift in our own country. President Palma's veto of the lottery bill, the Bishop properly contrasts with Gen. Wood's granting a "ten-year concession to that shameless institution of gambling, the Jai Alai," which "would not be tolerated in any city of the United States for one hour. Nor would it be tolerated by the Cuban Congress and President Palma if they could help themselves. But when they indicated a purpose to undo the nefarious concession, the Platt amendment has been shaken in their faces, and they have been told it is an act of the 'intervening Government' which is covered and protected by that famous amendment." The Bishop favors a Congressional investigation.

That what amounts to a Papal benediction upon the United States should be conferred thorugh the press agencies is thoroughly characteristic of new-style international relations. As for the conference between Pius X. and Cardinal Satolli, who has just returned from his American mission, it is significant not only for what it says of this country, but also for what it allows to be inferred about France. When his Holiness speaks of those who cause him grief, when he commends with enthusiasm the liberty accorded the Church in the United States, it is very evident that he is thinking of the quarrel between the Church and the French Republic. If he entertained any immediate hope of a reconciliation, he would hardly venture upon such rather odious international comparisons. So it may fairly be inferred from the tone of his comment on the American situation that he has deliberately incurred the contest with the French Government and is prepared to press the issue to a conclusion.

The Czar's manifesto, on the christening of the new heir to the throne, remits arrears to the state for the purchase of land and other direct imposts. This is probably making a virtue of necessity. The communes are taxed to reimburse the Government for the lands turned over to them after the emancipation of the serfs, but they are always enormously behind in their payments. Indeed, by the great ukase of 1903 the peasantry was forgiven about $72,000,000 of uncollectible taxes. The new remission should interest Russia's creditors, as the natural inference is that the measure will later on be employed as a justification for a new state loan. The abolition of corporal punishment may be, and probably is, a genuine act of grace, but, coming at this time, it is likely to be construed by many as an attempt to keep the masses, and especially the soldiery, in good humor. But the most striking feature of the Czar's manifesto is its kindliness to the Finns in the creation of a charity fund and the remission of fines for past evasions of military duty. With her hands tied in the East, Russia is, for the time being, under high pressure to dispossess her European subjects of their ill will. But possibly she is concerned about manning her navy. Her ships require Finnish sailors, and naturally she is averse to sending a lot of disaffected men to fight Admiral Togo. Even the Jew is worthy of notice; his fines for evading military service are also erased from the books. These beneficences are compatible with one phase of Emperor Nicholas's character, and have encountered no insuperable obstacle in his advisers.

Kuropatkin's strategic retreat to Liaoyang was evidently forced by Kuroki's advance upon Anping. The capture of that town by his enemy brings the right wing of the Japanese in direct contact with the Russians, and Kuroki may take his choice of several ways of reaching the river plain while Oku pounds the Russian rear from the south. There is no news at all from the most interesting territory, the Liao plain, west of the Russian main body. One would naturally expect the Japanese to repeat with their left the brilliant flanking movements with which the right has forced Kuropatkin sixty miles back from Kaiping. At last, by retreating to Liaoyang, he has got beyond Kuroki's enveloping attack. As soon as the rains permit, similar tactics can be conducted by the Japanese much more easily upon the other wing, from which direction there is yet no news. All that may safely be said is that the Japanese are now in a position to force the long-predicted general engagement, that great pressure will be brought to bear on Kuropatkin to stand firm at Liaoyang, and that a defeat at that point would likely be an irretrievable disaster for the Russians. The severity of the fighting along the Russian centre and left, as we go to press, indicates that the Japanese do not intend to stay their hand.

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HILL'S RETIREMENT.

"Nothing in his life became him like the leaving it." The announcement on Monday morning that David Bennett Hill is to retire from politics, that in case of Democratic success in November he will not accept office, either Federal or State, is good news. For twenty years and more Mr. Hill has owed this step to his conscience and his country, and at last he has seen fit to take it. We do not mean to say that Mr. Hill has never been guilty of a worthy act, but that, except for occasional lapses into political virtue, he has throughcut his career been a malign influence. He has, with justice, been called the stormy petrel of the Democratic party.

At this time it is unnecessary to detail the achievements by which he won the appellation. His subserviency to Tweed when he was an Assemblyman, his league with the basest elements in his own party when he was Governor, his opposition to high license, his veto of bills for ballot reform, his treachery to the national ticket in 1888, his theft of the Legislature, his "snap" convention of 1892, when he tried to force himself on his party as candidate for President—all these matters and his thousand minor transgressions have been discussed at length and *ad nauseam*. The fact that, in spite of blunders and defeats, he has to this day retained a following is proof that he possesses great, though perverted, talents. Edward Murphy, jr., of Troy knows whereof he speaks when he declares Hill one of the greatest organizers the Democrats in this State have ever had. Hill has possessed an extraordinarily minute knowledge of both political machines in every election district; he has known how many votes each petty leader could command in every precinct; as a master of deals and manipulations he has had no rival among the New York Democrats of his generation. And yet, with all this remarkable ability, he has never been able to grasp the point of view of the more independent and disinterested Democrats, has never seemed able to understand why men should set principle above either self or party. He has had two ruling passions: personal ambition and the welfare of his party. He has sacrificed everything but his personal ambition for what he has regarded as party welfare, and to his ambition he has sacrificed even that.

For instances in proof of this assertion one has not far to seek. Hill's desperate attempts to secure the Presidential nomination are still vivid in the memories of all who are old enough to recall his intrigues preceding the elections of 1888 and 1892. Moreover, many of the best informed Democratic politicians are convinced that he had not abandoned hope as late as 1902, when he nominated Coler for Governor. The Democrats of the State and the delegates to the convention were indubitably for Parker; and, as the event proved, Parker could easily have carried New York against Odell. But Hill was for Coler, because Hill wanted a man whom he could surely control, and whom he could brush out of the way in case he saw a chance to seize for himself the coveted nomination for the Presidency. The ruse proved unavailing; and Hill finally reached the conclusion that he was too much hated and distrusted within and without his party to be a Presidential possibility. When he no longer could look for anything for himself, he did what he could for his party in working for the nomination of Judge Parker. He would conjure with Parker's name in order to rally the scattered and broken factions and present at St. Louis a candidate worthy of the best traditions of the Democracy. In this movement, as in that of 1902, when Hill deliberately crowded Parker out in favor of Coler, Hill has apparently had no more consideration for Parker than a mere piece in a game of chess—in 1902 a pawn; in 1904 a king. And there is no evidence that Parker has felt under special obligations to Mr. Hill; indeed, it must not be forgotten that it was to Sheehan and not to Hill that Parker sent his famous "gold telegram." Judge Parker must have realized that Hill's support was merely a confession of Hill's despair of snatching the prize for himself.

Mr. Hill's announcement, however, is proof of the futility of gossip about Hill's place in the Cabinet. Mr. Hill understands, as he now virtually acknowledges, that Judge Parker has a mind of his own, and will, in case of election, choose his own advisers. Mr. Hill has been Governor and United States Senator, and he is aware that he can expect nothing further in the way of honors. If he has kept himself informed as to the progress of the campaign throughout the country, he has seen that not only in New York State, but from Maine to California, the strongest argument against Parker has been the prominence of David Bennett Hill. Hill has been the bogeyman lurking in the background. "Judge Parker is a man of unimpeachable character," so runs the Republican editorial; "we grant him intelligence, independence, and force; but he cannot escape appointing Hill Secretary of State." Or, "Parker is all very well, and if voters were sure he would be his own man, the situation would be far different, but he cannot be anything but the creature of Hill, who made him." This elaborate card-house built up by Republican editors and spellbinders is destroyed by a breath of wind from Wolfert's Roost. Mr. Hill knows he will not be "in it," and he gives his party what help he can by a frank admission that he withdraws all pretensions to office and a voice in a potential Parker administration.

The case of Hill is like that of others of his kind. Judge Parker will receive Tammany votes, just as President Roosevelt will receive Quay machine votes in Pennsylvania. But Judge Parker will not on that account fill either the Cabinet or other offices with rag-tag and bob-tail. Indeed, Parker as President would be under the strongest inducements, as Cleveland was, to maintain a higher level than that of the preceding Administration. He would know that the return of the Democratic party to power would be a temporary success, followed by humiliating defeat, unless in economy, efficiency, and honesty he could make a striking record. He will, if elected, be confronted by a magnificent opportunity. He will not throw it away by confiding the political fortunes of himself or his party to men like Hill.

PENSIONS: ROOSEVELT'S WAY OR JACKSON'S?

Republican editors are given to parrying grave insinuations that the President's mind is essentially lawless with the statement that Mr. Roosevelt's person has never been before the courts nor yet in jail. So much may be admitted without conceding that Mr. Roosevelt's temper, so impatient of every restraint, is friendly either to law or to decent custom. In the pursuit of a suddenly perceived higher good, he has shaved the laws closely and smashed the precedents to smithereens. This is not the attitude of a mind that respects either, and in many respects Mr. Roosevelt's position before the country is not unlike the exemplars of audacious finance. That they are not before the courts by no means alters the general conviction that they should be. The inherent ruthlessness of Mr. Roosevelt's will appears most glaringly in the notorious pension order which, by a stroke of the pen, added thousands of new pensioners to the rolls, and millions to the annual pension budget.

We take up this fairly familiar matter anew because it has escaped notice that President Jackson, when confronted by the same situation with regard to Revolutionary pensioners (though desirous of putting them all on the beneficiary list), resolutely put aside the theory that an executive order may usurp the power of Congress. But before rebuking Mr. Roosevelt out of the mouth of Andrew Jackson, it may be well to note how the President's use of the executive power offended, if not the law, at least all principles of sound morals and consistent administration. The following considerations should have restrained him: He was bound to give due faith and credence to the act of a previous Administration, unless, and this was never alleged, the original interpretation of the

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law was unjust or defective; even more solemnly was he bound not to open the sluices of the Treasury under an interpretation of the law which those who made it had never dreamed of. The invalid pension law was one of the sort that requires an executive order to become effective. Mr. Cleveland's Administration found the original ruling which required individual examinations for disability cumbrous and costly. That is, Mr. Cleveland's Pension Commissioner virtually had to reinterpret the law, as authorized by Congress. He did so; nobody has openly questioned the justice of his decision. In the case of a law which without an executive order is void, the first interpretation, unless a palpably improper one, should be regarded as virtually the law itself. Any other policy would produce infinite confusion. Congress would be at times in the position of passing a law which by mere successive changes of the Presidential mind might become a charge upon the Treasury for one, two, six, or ten million dollars. Evidently if each Administration should systematically go behind the executive orders of its predecessor, we should live rather by anarchy than by statute. As it is, Congress should be very chary of passing laws which may be perverted or even indefinitely extended in their application, and the courts should tell us whether original and organic interpretations of Federal law are or are not so many skittles to be bowled over in furtherance of the partisan game. Now the fact that Mr. Roosevelt, alleging no imperative ground of public policy, has been oblivious to such principles of continuity as obtain, not only in civilized States, but in clubs and well-organized business enterprises, argues infallibly a lawless cast of mind.

Andrew Jackson, in the winter of 1829, was, as regards pensions, precisely in the sympathetic condition of Theodore Roosevelt in the spring of 1904, with the difference, which may or may not be significant, that Jackson's renomination was not impending. Jackson wished to put on the pension list all Revolutionary veterans with a colorable show of disability incurred in service. His predecessor, John Quincy Adams, who elsewhere complains bitterly of pension abuses, had in his annual message of 1825 pleaded for more liberal treatment of indigent veterans. Later, yielding perhaps to the temptation that there were very few unpensioned survivors, and that to be generous would not be financially ruinous, Adams, by executive order, relaxed the provisions requiring evidence of disability, and admitted to the list many pensioners who had been rejected under previous application of the general law of 1818. On coming into office and looking into pension matters with a view to helping the "old soldier," Jackson learned of Adams's order. What he thought of it is best told in an extract from his first annual message. In words that the most Jacksonian of recent Presidents would have done well to consider, first of all Jackson tells Congress that the general pension act "is defective in not embracing within its provisions all those who were, during the last war, disabled from supporting themselves by manual labor." But he adds (it was a day of small things financially): "Such an amendment would add but little to the amount of pensions, and is called for by the sympathies of the people as well as by considerations of sound policy." And then to the gist of the matter:

"It will be perceived that a large addition to the list of pensioners has been occasioned by *an order of the late Administration, departing materially from the rules which had previously prevailed. Considering it an act of legislation, I suspended its operation* as soon as I was informed that it had commenced."

A candid critic of this episode will cheerfully concede that Jackson's dislike of John Quincy Adams may have somewhat influenced this exemplary display of respect for law; but the same critic, surveying the whole situation impartially, will also concede that Parker Constitution Clubs have an evident reason for existence when it is possible to cite, in comparison with Theodore Roosevelt, Andrew Jackson as a model of a President who respected himself and the law.

ETHICS FOR THE TIMES.

It would be an interesting study to compare the Russian humanitarians, the Tolstoys and Kropotkins, with the Stoics. And the parallel would be a fair one, for both work towards perfecting the individual, and both advocate a certain conscious simplicity of life. The chief difference, we imagine, between these protestants of the Cæsars and those of the Czars would be that, with an equally definite sense of the ends of life, the ancients had a far clearer idea of means. Epictetus and Marcus Aurelius lay down a manner of life for the individual; the Russian idealists set before nations apocalyptic visions of a transfigured state to which, however, they build not even a cloud bridge. Such reflections come inevitably to every reader of Prince Kropotkin's notable article, "The Ethical Needs of the Present Day," which is published in the current *Nineteenth Century*, for, while his reasoning appeals to the rationalist observer of society, it is devoid of practical counsel for the social reformer.

Upon the practicability of swift and radical amelioration of society, however, Prince Kropotkin insists at the outset:

"For the first time in the history of civilization, mankind has reached a point where the means of satisfying its needs are in excess of the needs themselves. To impose, therefore, as has hitherto been done, the curse of misery and degradation upon vast divisions of mankind, in order to secure well-being for the few, is needed no more; well-being can be secured for all, without overwork for any. We are thus placed in a position entirely to remodel the very bases and contents of our civilization—provided the civilized nations find in their midst the constructive capacities and the powers of creation required for utilizing the conquests of the human intellect in the interest of all.

But, he continues, moral ideas have lagged hopelessly behind science and invention. Our ethics is adjusted not to the possibilities of the new, but to the limitations of the old economic order. And this new ethics must be no less progressive than science itself, and as free from reactionary elements:

"A new, realistic moral science is the need of the day—a science as free of superstition, religious dogmatism, and metaphysical mythology as modern cosmogony and philosophy already are, and permeated at the same time with those higher feelings and brighter hopes which a thorough knowledge of man and his history can breathe into men's breasts."

Such a desideratum, a morality calculated, yet not cold, Prince Kropotkin does not despair of attaining, and he scouts with a most scornful civility the Brunetières who proclaim the bankruptcy of science, and the sentimentalists who seek moral certitude in traditional faiths the very basis of which they profoundly disbelieve. One must admire the courage that would choose social despair rather than accept an irrational cure for the evils of society; one must commend the optimism that not only seeks a vigorously scientific ethics, but believes it can be imposed upon the thoughtless majority.

And this point of application remains virtually untouched even after "mutual aid," the cardinal principle of Prince Kropotkin's system, has been thoroughly expounded. Many people will remember the delightful essays in which Prince Kropotkin, elaborating a hint of Darwin's, showed that what we call the moral instincts, and claim solely for human kind, are found far down in the scale of animal creation. For the good of the group, the beasts even will sacrifice convenience and often life. Discipline is enforced and justice administered among many classes of birds. The higher one goes in every class the more complete is the identification of the individual with the interests of his group, so that bees and ants, for example, are not unreasonably held up to collective man for his guidance. In fine:

"It appears that not only Nature does *not* give us a lesson of a-moralism which needs to be corrected by some extra-natural influence, but we are bound to recognize that the very ideas of bad and good, and man's abstractions concerning 'the supreme good' and 'the lowest evil,' have been borrowed from Nature. . . . They contain the fundamental principles of equity and mutual sympathy, which apply to all sentient beings, just as mechanical truths derived from observation on the surface of the earth apply to matter everywhere in the stellar spaces."

So the great Russian idealist takes issue with all egotistical theories of morals, and finds in the habits of our animal friends the origin and the confirmation of a revised social utilitarian-

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ism. In other words, he attempts to give scientific warrant for all the altruisms which science has denied or turned over reluctantly to religion. Social progress, in his belief, lies simply in the increasing acceptance of "mutual aid" as a guiding motive. Thereupon, of course, arises the very practical problem, How is the principle to be spread broadcast? Here Prince Kropotkin candidly admits the difficulty of establishing a scale by which the individual may estimate his reasonable personal surrender to the common welfare, and turns over eloquently but vaguely the work of propaganda to "poets," who are to produce in the throng "those very ecstacies which were formerly considered as belonging exclusively to the province of religion." It need hardly to be said that our supposed rational basis of ethics would fare ill in such transmission. Granted that the basis of morals is evolutionary, it is hard to see how the personal color that such a "poet" must inevitably give to the pure doctrine would be in any way more rational than the supernatural warrant claimed by the prophets and messiahs of old. Nor is it clear to us that the mass which obeys but languidly the great ethical leaders of the past, will soon consider the ways of the ant and be wise.

And yet we believe that Prince Kropotkin's lofty mode of thought is valuable for the ideal it holds up and for the rebuke it administers to recreant or discouraged children of a scientific age. It is a fair challenge to the new industrialism to require it to justify its existence by showing that it has increased the general well-being; while it is an added stimulus to rationalism to realize that the dearest instincts of human nature may receive scientific validity without sacrificing their human efficacy. So if the prophets of Prince Kropotkin's kind never quite show us the way out of the wilderness, their passage at least makes the air more fragrant while we wait for the revealing of the way.

MODERN LITERARY TITLES.

The symmetry of an architectural column depends no less upon the capital that surmounts it than upon the shaft itself. And in very similar fashion a literary masterpiece demands an appropriate style of title-page, preface, and chapter-heading to set off fully the intrinsic excellence of the contents. This apparently is not understood to-day by the ordinary craftsman in letters, although in the humbler sphere of journalism it is a truism. No well-conducted daily would throw "scare headlines" upon the account of a missionary convention or a world's peace conference; and yet no enterprising sheet would fail to use the proper types to flag the reader's attention at the news of a battle or a conflagration.

How vastly the gentle art of bookmaking has decayed will appear if the typographico-literary finish now prevalent is contrasted with that in vogue two or three centuries ago. The generous amplitude of the descriptive title of the Georgian or Elizabethan volume puts to blush the parsimony of the book of to-day. The artistic balance which the successive lines observe upon the plethoric title-leaf suggests the lettering which we reserve for lapidary inscriptions. And if, as so often happens, the frontispiece opposite is adorned with a cut, it is not a wishy-washy half-tone or a characteristic photogravure, but a veritable intaglio to be graven in the visual memory for all time. Oft in the stilly night these old frontispieces will haunt one—the bodiced shepherdess in the trim parterre, or else an allegorical lion "such as billowy Daunias never nurtured," and with a countenance for all the world like to a Japanese lap-dog.

In point of matter, too, the doubtful reader need be kept in suspense as to the character of the older volume only long enough to digest the contents of the first page. Where these characteristics of old English books are so common, it is almost invidious to select any one of them as a sampler, but convenience of reference suggests the title-page of the Bedford tinker's tale:

THE
PILGRIM'S PROGRESS
FROM
THIS WORLD TO THAT WHICH IS TO COME
delivered under the similitude of a
DREAM
wherein is discovered
1. THE MANNER OF HIS SETTING OUT;
2. HIS DANGEROUS JOURNEY; AND
3. SAFE ARRIVAL AT THE DESIR'D COUNTRY.
BY JOHN BUNYAN
I have used Similitudes, Hos. xii., 10.
LONDON.
Printed for J. Bunyan in Fleet Street.
1678.

It is from such noble copiousness of prefatory salutation that the pinched and meagre title-page of our degenerate days is sprung. The decadence did not come all at once, for fifty years ago a sub-title was in common use, to show that the author meant seriously to keep good faith with the trustful reader. But the sub-title was gradually relegated to the limbo of oblivion, and now the typical title is often intended to give but a hairbreadth clue to the voluminous labyrinth within, and sometimes—*infandum!*—to baffle all conjecture as to the subject-matter of the book itself. The book-buyer, we contend, has a right to feel aggrieved at the author who will be guilty of such littleness. However modern usage may exempt the writer of books from giving his brain's progeny a long-winded name, there is no forgiveness for such as cudgel their wits to invent titles which serve as bald symbols of bewilderment. It should be actionable at law to issue books called by such interrogatories as 'Whither?' 'Can You Forgive Her?' or 'Who Pays Your Taxes?' In one particular only has the modern title-page shown any symptom of growth, and that is in the line devoted to the adulation of the author. All the space on the title-page that he can spare from the mystification of the reader, he devotes to the recital of his own degrees and honors. And so it comes about that we have these abhorrent problematical labels upon wretched romances, and can learn from the initial page only that it is not the author's first offence, or, in the case of an enigmatical essay, that the perpetrator affectedly styles himself the "Sometime Fellow of Hocus-Pocus College, Oxbridge." Clearly, in the change from the old title-page to the new, what we have lost in light we have gained only in wind.

What we have shown as to the decadence of the title-page is true in a general way of the preface and the chapter-headings. That the early preface was occasionally a bit prolix we must, we fear, admit. But in it the writer stood upon his feet like a man, or occasionally struck out from the shoulder like a boxer. There was no shilly-shally. When occasionally he flattered his patron, he ate toads by the hatful and made no bones of it. The modern practice is obsolescent. Either it is shamelessly omitted without the reader's leave asked or granted, or it appears in shamefaced, truncated form, curt as a Quaker headstone, and yet always long enough to exhibit the abandoned egotism of the author, who never has wit enough to make it worth reading nor modesty sufficient to forego this shabby opportunity of self-advertisement.

It is not necessary to point out the manifest superiority of the older and ampler style of dressing a literary feast. It is clear as day that to those sampling an unknown volume the most generous credentials were afforded. The unsophisticated reader either was convinced that the topic and treatment were such as to enlist his interest, or had ample warning if perchance the viands were not to his taste. Nowhere was this more evident than in the older style of chapter headings. Thus, Rabelais, for example, informs us that Chapter xxiii. is about "How Pantagruel departed from Paris, hearing the news that the Dipsodes had invaded the land of the Amaurots: and the cause wherefore the leagues are so short in France." From Sir Thomas Malory down to Fielding, authors were every whit as explicit as to the character of the next stage of the story or discourse. There was no attempt at securing readers or

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their money under false pretences, or at compelling them to buy a pig in a poke. But what can the would-be reader of to-day tell of a volume whose title is a conundrum, whose preface, if there be one, is a bit of self-laudation, and whose chapter-headings consist of an arithmetical progression of numerals? The normal attitude of the intending reader to an unknown treatise is that of Simple Simon to the pieman—"Let me taste your ware"; and nothing short of our modern sterility of invention or our miserly niggardliness of material can account for the fact that when he asks for bread we give him a stone.

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS AT THE ST. LOUIS EXPOSITION.

ST. LOUIS, August 23, 1904.

Half of the life of the St. Louis Fair has passed, and, short as it has been, the traces of age are already observable on its ephemeral tenements. The stucco is here and there falling off, the steps of stairways are cracking, and thus the illusion of permanency and solidity which impressed us at Chicago is dispelled. The work may not have been as well done, or the repairs which must be constantly repeated on such frail structures may be, from economical reasons, omitted; but, be the reason what it may, a depressing air of neglect is already pervading the group of buildings. This the management should dissipate if, as it professes to expect, the attendance during the autumn months is to reverse the financial disappointment heretofore experienced.

It is impossible to avoid a comparison with Chicago, yet it is unfair. Chicago was a creation, and all subsequent exhibitions, even Paris in 1900, are but imitations. None, even if better in some details, can excite the admiration and wonderment which the first sight of the Court of Honor produced. There is, however, at St. Louis a lack of that architectural harmony which was so impressive at Chicago; and though there is a Great Basin, and though there are lagoons between some of the principal buildings, we miss that blending of landscape gardening with the architecture which gave such a unique charm to the White City on the Lake.

Still, though it falls below the standard of Chicago, the exhibition is worthy of more attention than it has received from either the press or the people of the East. The principal reason for this neglect is probably that both are heartily tired of expositions. If these are to be milestones marking the progress of human industry, they should be held at longer intervals. They have, moreover, grown wearisome. Size, not quality, seems to be the subject of self-congratulation on the part of the management, though they frighten people rather than attract them by advertising that the show is twice as big as Chicago. Nothing is refused in the scramble for space, and therefore the fairs are degenerating into what the name means—collections of great shops, for the sale of exhibits no better, often worse, than can be seen in our streets. As the purchasers of exceptionally fine specimens of workmanship are few, the exhibitor must, if he be a merchant, satisfy the tastes and the pockets of the many, and thus what is really worthy of exhibition and of note is lost in such a heap of rubbish that the critical expert feels disinclined to waste his time in looking for it, and therefore will not try. As keen discrimination should be exercised by competent judges, in every department, in admitting exhibits as is shown in selecting pictures for an annual exhibition. The Japanese exhibit in the Varied Arts Building covers a large space. Table after table is crowded with common ceramic ware (it is a shame to apply such a term to it) and poor modern bronzes, and yet there are a few cases with ravishing specimens of embroidery, pottery, cloisonné, and lacquer work. A few dealers gain by selling the trash, but the public estimate of Japanese technical skill suffers; and those to whom these exhibitions should be of greatest utility, namely, our intelligent artisans, overlook the good examples in the heap of worthless stuff. The same is true of the exhibits of other countries.

Each successive World's Fair marks the growing prominence of some branch of culture or industry. At Philadelphia, one building, the Machinery Hall, covered all classes of engines and the machinery to which they communicated motion. In the interval between 1876 and 1893 Electricity had won a building to herself, and our Railroads and Mines had attained such national expansion as to require for their illustrative exhibits separate domiciles. No such new departments of national industry have either been created or been developed since the Chicago World's Fair, but it is significant of the awakening of the national mind to the importance of social organization that at St. Louis a large building, in a most prominent position on the Grand Basin, is devoted to Education and Social Economy. Articles of domestic and scientific use are distributed, on a principle not easy to understand, in three separate buildings, as products of Liberal Arts, Manufactures, and Varied Industries. But it is fair to say that the department on whose organization and equipment most pains have been taken, and in which the greatest success has been attained, is that of Transportation. The development of the locomotive, from the earliest to the latest examples of both the pinion and the reciprocating type, is there illustrated by the most complete collection of either original machines or models ever gathered together. As every traveller is interested in the remarkably sensitive and yet powerful engine which hurries him to his destination, the layman most ignorant of mechanics will look with profound interest and astonishment at the machines that represent the steps by which the locomotive has attained in one hundred years its present perfection of mechanism and great size and power. The enormously large high-speed engine from Germany, the "Hanover," is a monstrosity, but an interesting departure from every recognized type. The samples of old coaches, modelled after stage coaches, side by side with the train of cars of the Empire State Express, are as indicative of our growing love of comfort and luxury as are the earlier small and clumsy engines, when compared with the "Gov. Francis" of the Baltimore & Ohio, or the huge decapod freight engines of the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fé, of our better knowledge of mechanics and control of the use of steam. But it is significant of the influence of the railroad everywhere in unifying the world, its people, and its resources, that there should be a beautiful model of the equipment of the Egyptian railroad system, and a time-table and map of the South African railroad system, which, as it has already reached the Victoria Falls on the Zambesi, confirms the anticipation made by Cecil Rhodes that, before many years are over, a through steam route by lake and land will connect Cape Town with Cairo This consummation will be reached, unless we make haste, before the Pan-American Railroad has connected Sydney, Cape Breton, with Port Montt, Chili, though Africa was still the Dark Continent when our international railroad scheme was first broached.

In the Mining and Metallurgical Building, our exhibits and those of Canada and Mexico leave little room for any other, unless we except Japan, the model of whose copper-smelting works and coal mines, and whose collection of minerals and metallurgical products, won by the latest and most approved methods, remind us that, in the arts of peace as well as the science and practice of war, this, the youngest of the world's recreated national forces, has determined to take and to hold her own.

Electricity, that most obtrusive of all the discoveries which science is extracting from the secrets of nature, now and again reminds us of the limitations of our knowledge. When darkness sets in, the illumination of the whole group of buildings, from the glow of a hardly appreciable glimmer to the full effulgence of day, is not as well managed or gradually effected as it was in Buffalo, where the lighting company had the mighty Niagara to help them. Nevertheless, when the St. Louis electrician succeeds, he produces an effect worth going far to witness. Nature, however, when generating currents with her own celestial and terrestrial apparatus, sometimes interferes with our puny efforts, and that happened one evening at St. Louis. We had eaten our lunch at an excellent German restaurant, but, having paid $1.25 for a single slice of cold beef, decided to try Mrs. Rorer for dinner. There we found an unexceptionable bill of fare at unexceptionable prices. As we finished our dinner, we saw the clouds gathering thickly, and the wind was rising in dangerous gusts. The nearest place of entertainment was the Festival Hall, which occupies the same architectural position as the Administration Building did at Chicago. We therefore decided to attend a concert to be given there.

As we approached the entrance, the storm burst furiously, and crowds entered under the same impulse of self-protection as ourselves. Fortunately, very few were aware that a tornado had burst that afternoon over North St. Louis, killing and maiming and destroying property with its impetuous tail at the very time we in the grounds were flattering ourselves, from a glimpse of sunshine, that the evening would be fine, and that the promised out-of-door functions would be held—that Pain's fireworks would be set off in the Stadium, and the war of the Transvaal fought over again by Britons and Boers (the latter commanded by Cronje and Viljoen themselves), and that the illumination of the buildings and gardens and lagoons would be made with artificial electricity. Had the large audi-

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ence known that the wind had been playing such havoc near by us, perhaps it would not have retained its presence of mind so admirably when the sound of breaking glass, and the carpenters hurrying with boards to stop the breaks, warned us that the storm was raging round us with destructive violence, and might easily level the frail lath-and-plaster structure in which we had found refuge. A few left their seats, but none in terror; and as the bandmen began to collect on the platform, they reseated themselves. But, before the music commenced, the lights suddenly went out. They fluttered once or twice, then made no further effort to help us. Through the upper windows, however, there entered some light from the rows of incandescent lamps which outlined the cornice of the Terrace of States, whose colonnade, with the Festival Hall as its central feature, forms the background of the Cascade and the Grand Basin. When these were suddenly extinguished, we were hardly reassured by the ruddy glow which followed, for it was terribly suggestive of a conflagration. It was, however, only the electrician playing with our fears, and turning the current from the clear to the crimson bulbs. Before he could repeat the transformation something else happened, and we were left in total darkness. It lasted for only short intervals between the lightning flashes which, amidst the unbroken roar of thunder, brought the body of the hall, with the musicians standing mute upon the stage, into ghostly illumination.

The tension was growing dangerous; some one lighted a match, and he was ordered peremptorily to extinguish it. Then another called upon the bandmaster to play something—anything. But not a note responded. Any sound to drown the roar of the thunder and distract attention from the lightning would have relieved the strain and prevented the panic which the merest trifle, such as a woman fainting, would have created. Suddenly a clear female voice near me struck up "America." With one accord, the whole audience joined. There was some hesitation about the words when the second and third verses were reached, but we all sang on. Then we sang "The Star-Spangled Banner," "Old Folks at Home," and "Dixie." The effect was wonderfully calming. Then we saw, in the blaze of the lightning, some one come to the front of the stage in evening dress, and we understood him to say that all hope of lighting the hall had been abandoned and that we had better depart. Thereupon, the huge audience filed out into the darkness calmly and leisurely, willing enough to face the tempest outside rather than run the risk of being swept to destruction by a torrent of human terror and passion inside. The storm had disorganized the electrical system of the Exposition proper, for not a lamp in the grounds or on the outside of the buildings was alight. We could see only the unearthly glow of the Cooper-Hewitt cylinders through the windows of the Electrical Building, but the "Pike" was revelling in a blaze of brilliancy, all the brighter by contrast. The elements had respected its electrical apparatus, or more care had been taken to provide against accidents.

THE STRANGE STORY OF THE CHANTREY BEQUEST.

LONDON, August, 1904.

The English seldom show on the stage so complete a farce as the recent inquiry into the administration of the Chantrey Bequest, conducted by a select committee of the House of Lords. It would be delightfully funny were it not so serious, both in the effect it is bound to have on the art of the country and as an example of the way the Englishman, so incorruptible in his judgment of other people's affairs, is ready to lower his standard when it comes to the management of his own.

What the Chantrey Bequest is, I fancy by this time most people know. It was briefly explained in a note in the *Nation* not long since. But, to make the present situation quite plain, I had better state the main facts here in as few words as possible. The money left in trust by Sir Francis Chantrey, sculptor and Royal Academician, after the payment of certain annuities, was for the purchase of works of art. Some of the business details of his will may seem a little complicated, for he appointed, virtually, two sets of trustees—the trustees who were to see to the administration of the will, and the trustees who were to see to the spending of the money, once, after the death of Chantrey's widow, it came into their hands. But what he wanted is as clear as daylight—or would be to any one save an Academician who accepts the Academy as his standard of art. The will says, simply and directly, that the object is the encouragement of British fine-art, and, that, to attain it, the money is to be devoted to "the purchase of works of fine-art of *the highest merit* in painting and sculpture that can be obtained"; the only condition being that the artists should have "resided in Great Britain during the executing and completing of such works." Therefore, foreign artists, provided they live or have lived in the country, are eligible, nor is there any clause to prevent the purchase of work by artists no longer living. To make sure that work of the highest merit should be secured, Chantrey added a provision that the income might be allowed to accumulate for a period not exceeding five years, if necessary; and he further stipulated that the prices given should be liberal, but that no "sympathy for the artist or his family" was to influence the selection. There was still one other condition—that the works bought should be shown for a month at least at the Royal Academy or some other important exhibition. Having made the terms of his bequest so explicit, I do not doubt that Chantrey felt he could die comfortably, sure of the splendor and munificence of his gift to his country. But then Chantrey had not reckoned with the stupidity or ignorance—one does not like to call it by a harder name—of the trustees with whom the selection and purchase lay. These trustees were the President, Treasurer, and Council of the Royal Academy of Arts, an institution to which Chantrey evidently believed it an honor to belong. Three hundred pounds a year were to go to the President, fifty to the Secretary; Chantrey, as evidently expecting that his trustees would take some little trouble in carrying out these conditions. So much for the bequest.

And now, how has it been administered? I think that, too, by this time, is fairly well known. The Chantrey collection hangs in the Tate Gallery; and in Baedeker, no doubt, is duly starred and described in detail—it is long since I have opened my London Baedeker. But a sadder sight there could not be. The trustees, having had between two and three thousand pounds a year to spend in collecting examples of the highest merit—having spent almost seventy thousand pounds in not quite thirty years—have succeeded in forming a collection of paintings and sculptures that represents nothing but the Academy, and not even the Academy at its best. A few good pictures have crept in—it would be hard to say just how or why, for the collection as a whole is a pitiful display of vulgar commonplace and abject mediocrity. The fact that the will does not exclude the work of artists no longer living has been taken advantage of only in the case of a painting by a very second-rate, almost forgotten Academian, Hilton by name. For the work of most of the men who give whatever distinction can be claimed for the second half of the last century, you look in vain. There are huge canvases by Millais, in his last and feeblest days, Herkomer, Vicat Cole, Dicksee. But there is nothing by Madox Brown, Whistler, Rossetti, Holman Hunt, Alfred Stevens, Burne-Jones, Legros, Fantin-Latour, Alfred Gilbert, Cecil Lawson—to mention the most conspicuous omissions. Moreover, the occasional artists of note who, by some oversight, have been included, are with a few exceptions (Sargent the most prominent) represented by anything but their finest work, while some of the pictures are by men whose names are not known anywhere else, even in England. Chantrey wanted work of the highest artistic merit; his trustees have provided work of the least possible artistic importance. And the reason is simple: they have used the fund as a sort of Academy prize—for the encouragement of Academic art. Pictures and sculptures, with rare exceptions, have been bought from the Academy at the annual exhibition; a large number are the work of Academicians and Associates, or men who have since been elected to the Academy; to Academicians the biggest prizes have been awarded. Indeed, the one condition the trustees have scrupulously observed is that relating to liberality in price. They have been so liberal that it has sometimes seemed as if Chantrey's one object had been to help Academicians in difficulties by paying the highest sum for pictures that most people of intelligence would not think of accepting as a gift. Surely had anything but art been involved, had the country been any other than England, one would say there could not be a clearer case of the maladministration of a trust, the misappropriation of funds.

Even in England it did dawn upon the few who cared for art that something was wrong. It did not seem altogether reasonable that even an Academician should have left a large fortune to form a collection that was a disgrace to the nation and a laughing-stock to all the world besides. At periodic intervals, criticism of the Chantrey was heard in various quarters. Occasionally, the artist, or critic, appalled by the quality of the collection, solemnly housed by the Government in a national gallery as representative of all that is finest in

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modern British art, took the trouble to read Chantrey's will, and then to point out how entirely its conditions were disregarded or misinterpreted by the trustees. But the criticism was received mostly with the silence with which, in England, the criticism of British institutions usually is received. However, about eighteen months ago, it was revived, and gradually reached a point where silence was no longer possible—or discreet.

Just before the Academy of 1903 opened, an article on the subject appeared in the *Saturday Review*. Papers like the *Daily Chronicle*, which had already, though some years previously, endeavored to expose the Chantrey, returned to the charge. The result was that more notice than usual was given to the selection of works for purchase by the trustees, and when it was found that these, in every way, conformed to the Chantrey standard as accepted by the Academy, the outcry became more general. And what made it obvious that, this time, criticism could not pass quite unheeded, as it had before, was that all the most conservative and "correct" papers joined in—the *Times*, the *Spectator*, the *Telegraph*, the *Athenæum*. The scandal of the Chantrey was in every mouth. It became almost the fashion to denounce it. Through all the excitement the Academy maintained its safe policy of "sitting tight." As a body, it said, it did nothing. As individuals, most of the Academicians and Associates found it wiser to have heard nothing of the discussion with which the papers reeked, when asked what they thought of it, and to refuse to be interviewed. Those who were unwise enough to speak exhibited a degree of petulance, or naïveté, or ignorance, simply inconceivable. Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema lost his temper, and could do nothing but abuse "those foolish persons," the Academy's critics. Mr. Boughton wanted to know how they could buy a Whistler if they hadn't been told the price—it never seeming to occur to him that the President, paid £300 from the Fund, might spare a penny for a postage stamp and write to Whistler, or a shilling for a hansom and go to see him in his studio. Others maintained, in defiance of the will—which they said was read to the Council every year before the purchases were made—that pictures and sculptures must be bought from the Royal Academy. Others regretted that, as the pictures and sculptures could not be ordered, it was impossible to secure any from the most distinguished artists, who always worked on commission. And so on, and so on—until such a lot of nonsense had been talked, until the few who did open their mouths had given themselves and the Academy so completely away, that this year, when £1,000 was paid for a not very good example of a not very distinguished Associate from whom another picture at a slightly higher price was bought only seven years ago, and when the rest of the money was squandered with the same disregard of Chantrey's desires, the crisis came. The scandal could not be allowed to go on without some sort of inquiry. So far, so good.

But now the second act of the farce was reached, and it is in the second act that the fun always quickens. Something had to be done—but what? At moments of this kind the House of Lords becomes useful. Lord Lytton, young, no doubt ambitious, saw his opportunity, and was induced to take the matter up. He proposed to raise the question in the House of Lords, and he announced his intention in reviews and newspaper articles. The critics, save one or two whose confidence in the noble Lords was not so unqualified, were jubilant. They attended the debate in the House; Sir Edward Poynter, President of the Academy, also was present. Lord Lytton had got up his facts fairly well, and indeed it would have been difficult for him not to, almost every paper in London having got them up already at great length and with full detail. Several Lords who shared in the debate agreed with him that the Chantrey Collection was a disgrace. Others, including Lord Davey, one of the financial trustees of the bequest, were, apparently, posted by the Academicians, and thought that, whatever the collection was, it could be nothing else because of the conditions of the will, which, the unprejudiced looker-on was tempted to think, Lord Davey had never bothered to read. However, despite opposition, the Lords came to the conclusion that all was not well with the Chantrey, and recommended that an inquiry should be made to find out why.

An inquiry is an excellent way of providing occupation for members of the upper House, and a select committee was at once appointed. And now comes the most extraordinary part of the whole story. Two of the six Lords chosen were Lord Windsor and Lord Carlisle, one of whom has always professed an interest in art, while the second paints—"among other accomplishments." Both, therefore, are apt to be associated with art matters and art movements in England, where a Lord is so dearly loved that to secure a titled patron for any institution or any scheme is held to be equivalent to success. And so it happens that both are Trustees of the National Gallery. Now it must be remembered that the Tate Gallery is a part of the National Gallery, under the same direction, and that the Trustees are in consequence responsible for its management also—responsible, that is to say, for the fact of the Chantrey Collection being lodged there. Every child, you might think, must have seen that, as a logical result, for them to sit in judgment was necessarily to sit in judgment on themselves, as well as upon the two other peers, the Marquis of Lansdowne, who had joined in the discussion in the House and had not been too friendly in his estimate of the Chantrey, and Earl Brownlow, who, with them, are Trustees of the National Gallery. But the critics who had started the agitation could not see this—always with the exception of one or two of the more clear-sighted; they could, or did, not see that really, in a way, it would have been a parallel case, though different interests were at stake, if Lord Dufferin had been asked to judge the Whitaker Wright case. The American is supposed to be dazzled by nobility; the Englishman is simply blinded by it, and the critics and the public accepted the whole absurd situation with unquestioning deference and enthusiasm. They were not even shaken when it turned out that one of the noble Lords on the Select Committee was a Trustee of the Chantrey bequest without knowing it, or without remembering it until reminded by Sir Edward Poynter—at least, so says a well-authenticated story now going the rounds of London.

Under these circumstances, the inquiry could be nothing but a farce. To condemn the Chantrey unreservedly would have been for the Lords to condemn themselves. However, they took it in the right spirit of farce, and were ponderously solemn throughout. The examination lasted for several days. Academicians, beginning with the President, were called, among others Mr. Sargent, placed in the unpleasant position of reconciling his opinion of the Chantrey as artist with his approval as Academician, and compromising by venturing to hint that, perhaps, there might be an improvement if one man, instead of ten, selected the pictures and sculptures. Critics were called, one after the other. The President of the Scottish Academy, representatives of different societies of artists, a director of a German Gallery, were called; and all this outside evidence was as severe in denunciation as the evidence of the Academy had been amiable in appreciation. Nothing could have been more decorous. You might have imagined every one in dead earnest. A few days were allowed to elapse after the close of the inquiry—the noble Lords, presumably, deep in thought and careful consideration, while the public waited, awestruck by such condescension. And now, at last, we have the report—delivered with the same solemnity with which the examination was conducted.

I do not believe that in any other country in the world, except England, it could have been accepted by everybody with such respectful gravity. It is really amazing. For, reduced to a few words, this is what the report amounts to: The Chantrey Collection is shockingly bad and does not consist of the work of the highest merit which Chantrey left his money to buy; the Academy is responsible for the present state of things—that is, for the entire disregard of Chantrey's wishes, the continuous dual administration of his Bequest; therefore, by all means, let the Academy perpetuate the scandal and continue to maladminister the Bequest, to misappropriate the Fund! It is unbelievable, but it is so. And the hands of the Academicians are strengthened, the power and influence of the Academy reassured. For no doubt the noble Lords felt that something was expected of them—some little mouse of a suggestion, however puny and miserable, out of the mountain of inquiry. And, with an admirable air of sagacity, they suggest that the number of trustees be reduced from the original ten—the President and Council—to three, the President, a full-fledged Academician, and an Associate elected by the Associates. When there were ten trustees, the risk of dissensions was run. That was the reason, no doubt, why those forlornly few good pictures have crept into the Chantrey Collection. But with three the whole business can be got through with one-third the risk, and, better still, in one-third the time, and Academicians need not waste themselves and their leisure hours over questions of mere national importance. Certain clauses and propositions have been added by the Lords of the Select Committee, but they amount to just nothing so long as the control of the fund rests with the Academy. And that it remain with the Academy—only modified by the change which, I have explained, must be for the

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worse—is the suggestion that the noble Lords submit should be carried out, either by Act of Parliament or by the Charity Commissioners, who, for some curious reason, have authority in matters of this kind. But, anyway, whether the suggestion is carried out or not, there is no chance of the Chantrey Bequest being inquired into again for years to come, and the triumph of the Royal Academy of Arts is complete.

N. N.

Correspondence.

THE CONTINUITY OF PARTIES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Will you allow me to join issue with your reviewer of Münsterberg's 'Die Amerikaner' on one point which seems to be of special interest? He characterizes as a "fanciful theory" the view that the two political parties of this country have had a logical continuity and consistency from the beginning, in their embodiment of two opposing tendencies. It seems to me that, if the author has reached this conclusion from his own observations, it is a case of remarkably successful analytic inquiry into a neglected question. It has often been pointed out, as a curious feature of our political parties, that it is rather exceptional to find them joining a direct issue on public questions, and that they simply comprise two sets of men, each of which seems to adapt its views to the supposed policy of the public, rather than to have any policy of its own. It has long seemed to me that this is a superficial view, and that, notwithstanding this seeming lack of distinctive policies, there has been, from the beginning, a clear division of two separate tendencies, substantially as described by the author.

No one will deny that men are born with certain innate tendencies which are influential in determining their affiliations, their sympathies, their associations, and their views on public questions. In their modes of reasoning and thinking, men are said to be born either Aristotelians or Platonists. There are also born conservatives and radicals. In our own and most other countries men are born individualists and collectivists. It does not follow that any one man is conscious of belonging to either class; it does not even follow that he always advocates the policy towards which he tends with logical consistency; yet the tendency is there, and is a powerful agent in determining his sympathies and guiding his judgment.

It seems to me perfectly clear that our politics have divided on this tendency from the beginning, with the possible exception of part of the middle period. In the difference between the Federalists and the Democrats of the first period, what was more fundamental than the individualistic view of State rights and the fear of oppression by the majority on the one hand, and the appreciation of the value of united effort and subordination of the individual to the mass, on the other? Moreover, these are precisely the two opposite ideas which have long divided the two schools of economists, and distinguish those who, like Herbert Spencer, support individual initiative, from those who advocate governmental management of business affairs. I have not seen the work under review, but suppose it to maintain what I believe to be the correct view—that the quasi-support of slavery by the Democratic party was not due to any special sympathy with slavery, but only to the feeling that the general Government should not interfere with the internal policy of any one State. This same line of division has continued from the time of the civil war to the present. The side one takes on the tariff question depends mainly upon whether the appreciation of the advantages of individual liberty or of those of union and subordination of individual interests to a supposed general good are uppermost in his mind. All this seems to me so clear that I do not see how it can be made stronger by argument.

On one point the author, if correctly quoted, may be admitted at fault. The lines I have mentioned have never divided parties on the currency question, nor is there any reason to determine which side of this question an individualist should take. It is hardly necessary to say that, during and immediately after the time of Jackson, the tendency of the Democratic party was strongly toward "hard money," and paper currency in general was looked upon with disfavor. The subsequent change of sides between the two parties had nothing to do with the tendencies of either toward their respective traditional lines of policy. But to say this of all the questions on which they have divided, is to ignore the result of one of the most characteristic features of human nature.

S. N.

WASHINGTON, D. C., August 27, 1904.

THE TITIAN "ARIOSTO."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It is possible that those of your readers who care for pictures have already heard of the last acquisition of the National Gallery here—the so-called portrait of Ariosto by Titian which until lately hung in the Darnley Collection. This collection is known to Americans perhaps best because it was the source of Mrs. Gardner's superb picture of "Europa," also by Titian. The "Ariosto" (a half-length) was bought by the National Gallery, helped by a certain number of friends—among them, it is said, Mr. Morgan—who subscribed £5,000 apiece; the total price paid to the dealer, Sir George Donaldson, who had purchased the Titian together with a not first-rate Van Dyke, being £30,000. Even in these days when the prices paid for works of fine or supposed fine art have been raised to perfectly crazy heights by the ill-directed buying of untrained millionaires, such a price as £30,000 for such a picture is startling. Mrs. Gardner paid, it is believed, only £20,000 for her "Europa," a picture of immeasurably finer quality than the "Ariosto." That the officials of the gallery should expend public funds and ask for more from friends for a picture of this kind, shows a strange lack of seriousness, both in their treatment of the public and in their study of the history of painting.

The picture represents a dark-haired man in middle life; he is turned to the right, his arm leaning on a conventional balustrade which bears Titian's signature; his face is seen in three-quarters; the background is dark. Why it should be entitled "Ariosto" is hard to comprehend, for it certainly does not represent the poet. If the woodcut of the poet given in the 1535 and 1537 editions of his play the "Cassaria" be compared with the Titian it will be seen at once that the latter differs in every way possible from the former; the shape of the head and of the nose, the character of the eye and of the face are all different. Nor is it impossible that the woodcut is from a drawing by Titian. The painting represents a person of coarse temperament, and leaves much to be desired as a work of fine quality. The face is flat and lacking in modelling, and the beard is much repainted. The sleeve of the dress is very fine, but £30,000 is a lot of money to pay for a painted sleeve. When photographs have made students familiar with the work, I think they will agree that it is one of the most expensive pictures in the Gallery.

It is to be hoped that the stir and excitement caused by the purchase will not excite some well-meaning, but artistically untrained, American millionaire into paying another £30,000 for the Van Dyke. Before he does, he had better look over the third volume of Waagen's book on the 'Art Treasures in England,' particularly pages 419f and 454f. If, on the other hand, this sensational purchase bring about some form of resistance to the little games of the picture-dealers, no one will regret the cost to the Gallery.

RICHARD NORTON.

LONDON, August 17, 1904.

Notes.

A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago, subserve the centennial interest in the Lewis and Clark expedition by reprinting Gass's Journal, edited by Dr. James K. Hosmer, and by a 'Short History of Oregon,' the work of Sidonia B. Johnson. They announce, further, a reprint of Lahontan's 'New Voyages to North America,' a 'History of Negro Servitude in Illinois and of the Slavery Agitation in that State,' by Prof. N. Dwight Harris of Lawrence University; and 'Florence in the Poetry of the Brownings,' selected and edited by Anna B. McMahan.

From Doubleday, Page & Co. we shall have Renan's 'Letters from the Holy Land' to M. Berthelot; 'Stories of Inventions,' by Russell Doubleday; 'Indoor and Outdoor Games,' by Mrs. Burton Kingsland; and 'A Belle of the Fifties,' by Mrs. Clay of Alabama.

Macmillan Co.'s fall list embraces the fifth volume of James Ford Rhodes's 'History of the United States from the Compromise of 1850,' completing the narrative of the civil war and describing the struggle between President Johnson and Congress over Reconstruction; 'Reminiscences of Peace and War,' by Mrs. Roger A. Pryor; 'The Declaration of Independence,' an interpretation and an analysis, by Herbert Friedenwald; the first volume of Prof. Edward Channing's 'History of the United States,' coming down to 1660; a new, revised and enlarged edition of Mr. Bryce's 'Holy Roman Empire'; 'The Napoleonic Empire,' by R. M. Johnston; 'Roman Society from Nero to Marcus Aurelius,' by Samuel Dill; 'London in the Time of the Tudors,' by Sir Walter Besant; 'An Irishman's Story,' Justin McCarthy's autobiography; 'Memorials of Ed-

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ward Burne-Jones,' in two volumes; an enlarged edition of Dr. Hale's 'Memories of a Hundred Years'; 'The Road in Tuscany,' by Maurice Hewlett; 'Italy,' a popular account of the country, from the German of Prof. W. Deecke; 'Highways and Byways of the South,' by Clifton Johnson; 'How to Collect Old Furniture,' by Frederick Litchfield; 'How to Identify Portrait Miniatures,' by George Williamson; 'The History of Portrait Miniatures,' by George C. Williamson; 'The Life and Works of James and William Ward,' by Julia Frankau; 'Miriam, or, The Sin of David,' by Stephen Phillips; 'Poems and Plays,' by W. B. Yeats; 'A Lexicon to the Poetical Works of John Milton,' by Laura N. Lockwood, Ph.D., of Wellesley College; 'The Early Writings of Montaigne,' by Miss Grace Norton; 'The Principles and Progress of English Poetry,' by Prof. Charles Mills Gayley; 'Lectures and Essays,' by the late Canon Ainger; 'Japan: An Attempt at Interpretation,' by Lafcadio Hearn; 'The Women of America,' by Elizabeth McCracken; 'Weather Influences,' by Prof. Edwin Grant Dexter; 'The Bear Family,' by Prof. C. Hart Merriam; 'Beethoven and his Forerunners,' by Daniel Gregory Mason; 'Economic Essays,' by the late C. F. Dunbar; 'The Industrial History of the United States,' by Prof. Katharine Coman; and a 'History of Education in the United States,' by Prof. E. G. Dexter.

From Houghton, Mifflin & Co.'s announcements we select the 'Autobiography, Memories, and Experiences of Moncure Daniel Conway,' in two volumes; 'Letters of John Ruskin to Charles Eliot Norton,' edited by the recipient; 'Routine and Ideals,' by Le Baron R. Briggs; 'Journalism and Literature, and Other Essays,' by H. W. Boynton; 'The Amateur Spirit,' essays by Bliss Perry; 'Compromises,' essays by Agnes Repplier; 'Bits of Gossip,' by Rebecca Harding Davis; 'The Queen's Progress, and Other Elizabethan Sketches,' by Prof. Felix E. Schelling; 'Far and Near,' outdoor papers, by John Borroughs; 'Nature's Invitation,' by Bradford Torrey; 'The Ways of Wasps,' by George W. and Elizabeth D. Peckham; 'A Manual of the Trees of North America,' by Prof. Charles Sprague Sargent; 'Facts and Figures: The Basis of Economic Science,' by Edward Atkinson; 'Women in the Fine Arts,' by Clara Erskine Clement; 'The Playmate Hours,' by Mary Thacher Higginson; 'Lyrics of Joy,' by Frank Dempster Sherman; 'Science and Immortality,' by Dr. William Osler (the Ingersoll Lecture for 1904); 'The Christian Ministry,' by Lyman Abbott; 'The Evolution of the United States Constitution, and History of the Monroe Doctrine,' by John A. Kasson; the second and concluding volume of Dr. Waldstein's 'Argive Heræum'; 'The De Monarchia of Dante,' translated, with introduction and notes, by Aurelia Henry; 'Boccaccio's Life of Dante,' translated by Philip Henry Wicksteed; Virgil's 'Georgics,' translated by John William Mackail; and 'Certaine Sonnets,' by Sir Philip Sidney, in a limited edition (like the two immediately preceding titles).

'Yosemite Legends,' narrated by Miss Bertha H. Smith, with thirteen full-page illustrations and much decoration, will be published by Paul Elder & Co., San Francisco.

A popular 'History of the United States and its People,' by Elroy M. Avery, Ph.D., LL.D., in twelve volumes, with abundant illustrations, is being undertaken by the Burrows Bros. Company, Cleveland.

The State Historical Society of Wisconsin has just completed its series of indexes to its records from 1849 to 1901, inclusive. Under Mr. R. G. Thwaites's supervision, Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Haines has completed an Index to the Proceedings, 1874-1901—that is, beginning with the first separately printed Proceedings. A large amount of interesting matter is thus laid open to students, and the good work is to be maintained by quinquennial supplements. The Index fills 399 pages in open type and line of page width.

Mrs. Jeannette Robinson Murphy's 'Southern Thoughts for Northern Thinkers, and African Music in America' (New York, 361 West 55th St.: The Bandanna Publishing Co.) is compounded of her brief talks as a lecturer and essays in periodicals, and a collection of negro songs (with the music) which are new to us, with some of her own in emulation. Her lectures aim to reconcile North and South on the subject of the colored population, and whatever may be their success in this particular they are very enlightening as to the Southern state of mind. "It is a reasonable belief with us Southerners," says Mrs. Murphy, on page 6, "that it was an overruling Providence which took the savage negro from centuries of horrible slavery, cannibalism, and idolatry, and placed him under the training of the chivalrous Southern people, to the benefit of both races." At page 10: "Had the South been let alone and trusted, it would have required but a few more years for the unnatural system of human bondage to have died of itself a natural death, for it was no longer profitable except in two or three States where the larger plantations could be successfully worked." At page 8: "This remarkable man [Booker Washington] is the result of prenatal slavery training, and an earnest of what God intends for all the negro race who use freedom aright." The musical talks, precluding samples of the songs, contain much information on the negro mode of singing; and we must think the latter half of the book fresher and more valuable (but not more significant) than the first.

A doctor's thesis presented to the Paris Faculty of Letters by John Martin Telleen (M. A. Yale) on 'Milton dans la Littérature Française' (Paris: Hachette) is one more sign of the new set of American post-graduate study towards France. The essay will save labor to those who follow. Apart from general considerations, Voltaire and Chateaubriand demand the greatest space as admirers and translators. There is a bibliography, often lacking in precise indications apart from the aid furnished by the text.

A handy little 'Anabasis' appears as the third in the series of Xenophon's Complete Works edited for the "Scriptorum Classicorum Bibliotheca Oxoniensis" (H. Frowde), by E. C. Marchant of Lincoln College. The Latin preface discusses the several codices, and each page carries its own variant readings at the foot. The orthography is that of the Paris Codex C, in the main.

The *Gerarchia Cattolica*, the official papal year-book, has made its appearance for 1904. Rather singularly, the number of popes has been reduced from 263, as given in former editions, to 258. The change is based on the researches of Catholic savants (notably of the Abbé Duchesne) who have for years been pleading to have the names of mythical popes stricken out. In one case Duchesne's list has not been adopted by the editors, on the ground that he was "guided only by historical criticism, although canonical and theological criteria should also have a decisive voice in the matter."

The question whether schools of technology should be separate institutions or a technological faculty should be added to the universities, is discussed at some length by Prof. C. Kammerer of the Technological Institute of Charlottenburg, in the *Beilage* of the Munich *Allgemeine Zeitung*, No. 126. This has become a burning question for the educational world of Germany in consequence of the marvellous development of the schools in the last two or three decades, since Germany has become an industrial state with dreams of a conquest of the world of business and industry. The Government has put the technological institutes on the same footing with the universities, and has given them the right to grant degrees. The immediate occasion of the discussion is the fact that both Prussia and Bavaria contemplate the establishment of new institutions of higher education. Professor Kammerer is decidedly of the opinion that technical and university studies should be kept apart, because the fundamental ideals are irreconcilable, the technical branches being directed by practical interests, and the humanities by intellectual and pedagogical considerations. The article, which is an address delivered to a society of engineers, tries to meet the reasons urged for a consolidation with the universities; but the author does not think that this separation must last for ever—conditions may yet change in favor of a *universitas literarum et artium*. At present the technological branches only suffer by such an association.

In reading the budget for 1904 of Ta Han, or the Empire of Korea, published in the *Korea Review* for June, one has feelings awakened other than those of economic interest. Of the total revenue of $14,214,573, the largest item is from taxes on land, $9,703,591. Taxes on house, salt, fish, poll, and "miscellaneous" make up $1,720,295. The final item, not real revenue, but "arrears from 1903," is $2,790,687. In looking over the disbursements, we observe that the imperial privy purse calls for $1,013,359, and the imperial sacrifices $186,641. The ceremonial bureau, out of a total appropriation of $21,508, uses up $19,156 on salaries and office expenses, the remainder being for repairs, travelling, and miscellaneous. The mining bureau shows that out of $10,453 expended, all, except $744 under the head of "miscellaneous," went for salaries and office items. While $300,000 is allowed for the construction of a new palace, $10,000 is doled out for "country repairs," which, we imagine, means improvement of the roads. It was put down in Dr. H. Allen's recent Chronological Index as an event of national importance that Dr. McGill, an American missionary, in May, 1891, actually drove a horse and carriage from Gensan to Seul! The chief item of expenditure is $5,180,614 for the War Department. In 1895, when the Department of Ceremonies was reduced to a bureau, the Department of Education was put in its place, but, in the report on na-

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tional education for 1904, there is little to show that any Government aid is given to schools outside of the capital. In Seul direct help is given to the Confucian, normal, middle, medical, industrial, and primary schools. There are also language schools for the teaching of Chinese, Japanese, Russian, English, French, and German, the total amount of salaries paid to foreign teachers being $44,220. For current expenses the English school receives more than any other; French, Russian, German, Japanese, and Chinese following in order, and the total expenses of the Seul schools being $135,074.

A fresh guarantee for the preservation of peace in Europe and the closer knitting of the ties which unite nations is to be found in the recent consent of the Spanish Government to the construction of a Trans-Pyrenean railway. The negotiations to this end, which have been in progress nearly twenty years, have at length succeeded, mainly through the untiring efforts of M. Delcassé, the able French Minister of Foreign Affairs. The projected line will cross the mountains about fifty miles from the Mediterranean, and bring Toulouse and Barcelona into direct communication. Not only will it aid greatly the economic development of Spain, but it will draw France and Algeria closer together. By the new road the traveller will be able to go from Paris direct to Cartagena, whence it is but a few hours' sail to Oran. Later a line will be constructed on the Atlantic side, from Oloron to Zuera, by which there will be a considerable saving of time between Paris and Madrid.

Mr. F. Gutekunst, Philadelphia, celebrates President Eliot's seventieth year, elapsed in March last; with two of his generous imperial photographic portraits. The one, three-quarters, looking to the right, the less familiar view, is the more genial; the other, a profile, to the left, will be preferred for power. There are profiles and profiles of the same face, and a hair's breadth makes a difference little appreciated by sitters or artists; Mr. Gutekunst seems to us to have seized the happy moment, and secured the best angle for the features and for the mass of the head. Harvard men and educators generally will prize this opportunity to possess a speaking effigy of Harvard's presiding genius.

—The editor of the *Century* has chosen to make up a "round-the-world" number for September. Hackneyed routes are hard to avoid in such an undertaking, but the measure of success is fair. Mrs. Agnes Smith Lewis has something entirely new to present, in that she is the first woman to have entered the Coptic monasteries of Egypt and Nitria, whither she made her way in the effort to discover ancient manuscripts of importance. She has no such success to record, however, as her earlier discovery of the famous Syriac text of the Gospels, on Mount Sinai. Ernst von Hesse-Wartegg has also succeeded in passing ramparts hitherto inviolate to the travelling magazine writer. The popularity of his wife, the well-known Minnie Hauk, obtained for him from the Dutch authorities letters of introduction which opened to himself and his wife the doors of the palace compound of Surakarta, the remnant of native empire maintained by the Dutch in the Island of Java. Other articles touch the world at various out-of-the-way points, ranging from Arctic Alaska to the regions penetrated by the British Antarctic expedition of 1899. In the latter case the writer is Mr. Borchgrevink himself, the commander of the expedition. Prof. H. F. Osborn's paper on a Wyoming fossil graveyard of the largest animals known to have existed on earth, with many of their humbler contemporaries, will be sure to arrest attention. The portrait of the "Woman in Black," by Hilaire Germain Degas, recently secured for Fenway Court by Mrs. Gardner, is by her permission reproduced from a half-tone plate by H. Davidson. The editor very naturally takes occasion to speak with vigor of the foolish fanaticism which, in the name of protection, has compelled Mrs. Gardner to pay $200,000 for the privilege of bringing her collection into the country. The Cole wood-engraving for this month reproduces Velasquez's "Don Baltasar Carlos."

—*Scribner's*, like the *Century*, gathers from many fields for its initial autumn number. Lewis Gaston Leary gets the leading position for a description of Emesa and Hamath (now Homs and Hama) as they existed two years ago, before the railway from Beirut had entered with its disintegrating and modernizing influences. The illustrations are by Jules Guérin, from photographs. Frederic Irland gives a breezy sketch from Wyoming, in which sheep-shearing, bank-looting, stock-"lifting," and other amusements of the unconventional frontiersman compete with about equal success for the reader's interest. But the frontiersman, as a subject of descriptive journalism, we have always with us. Walter Harris, of the Royal Geographical Society, goes farther from the trodden path in his sketch of the wild Berbers of Morocco, who have been comparatively neglected in the literature of travel in favor of the more accessible Arabic and Moorish elements of the Moroccan population. Capt. Mahan's papers of the war of 1812 are resumed, the main feature of the present paper being the operations of Perry on Lake Erie, in 1813. The controversies growing out of the battle of Lake Erie Capt. Mahan does not regard as capable, now, of satisfactory solution, chiefly because President Monroe did not see fit to allow action on the charges formulated by Perry against Elliott in 1818. Previous attempts to settle the matters at issue by affidavits, and by a court of inquiry, had been ex-parte and fatally incomplete. Russell Sturgis writes of the pediment of the New York Stock Exchange, calling attention to the peculiar fitness of the sculptors, Ward and Bartlett, to cooperate in such a work.

—Judge Advocate-General Davis discusses the subject of international law in a contribution to the September *Harper's*, giving a brief sketch of its origin, and the influences under which it has been developed, and offering some comment on its proper scope and its future. Perhaps the weakest point in the article is the readiness of the writer to admit the inapplicability of international law in all cases involving national antipathies, national aspirations, national controversies growing out of competition for foreign markets, and national scheming "to do something which is in itself a violation of international law." In the latter case, however, it is to be said that he contemplates disputes in which each of the contending nations is scheming against a third. In such cases the third party has not the power to get its case before a court of arbitration, and the schemers, of course, have not the disposition. At present we have only the "man with the big stick" to rely upon in such cases, and the trouble here is that the big stick is about as apt to knock a few "ripe pears" for its wielder as to enforce the rights of the owner of the tree. John Greenville McNeel fills a gap in the knowledge of most readers of American history by giving a detailed account of the experiences of American seamen taken captive and carried to England during the War of 1812. Their sufferings from insufficient provision for bodily wants, and the American neglect of their situation, may be imagined from the fact that they were at one time on the verge of applying *en masse* for enlistment in the British navy. The editor goes into a more detailed explanation of what he meant in the August number by "the direct appeal" as the distinguishing feature of the best in our contemporary literature, as compared with the more artificial forms of the past. Incidentally he declares that "certain dogmas of the realistic school, fixing arbitrary limits to the possibilities of our human nature along the low lines of a pessimistic theory, must give place to a more hopeful idealism."

—Prof. William E. Dodd of Randolph-Macon College, Va., obligingly sends us the following transcript of a letter of Washington's in the possession of the Washington Literary Society of that institution. It is not included in Ford's edition of Washington's Writings. New Post was near Fredericksburg.

MOUNT VERNON, 27 Oct. 1799.

DEAR SIR:

Your letter of the 30th Ult. came duly to hand, but as it appeared from the tenor of it, that I might soon expect another from you, with my Deed in the hands of Mr. Jno. Brooke (one of the administrators of Jas. Mercer Esq^{r} deceased) I intended to have postponed the acknowledgment thereof until then; but as Mr. Brooke seems to have forgot *his* promise, I shall no longer delay thanking you for the trouble you have been at, on my account, in this business.———My best wishes in w^{ch} Mrs. Washington and the family at this place unite, are offered for yourself, Mr. Spotswood and all at New Post.

With very best esteem and regard
I am—Dear Sir
Your obed^{t} H^{ble} Sérvt.
G^{o} WASHINGTON

P. S.
Did Mr. Duval proceed to Kentucky according to expectation?

GEN. SPOTSWOOD.—

—The prolific Viscount de Vogüé's latest collection of twenty-three articles, 'Sous l'Horizon: Hommes et Choses d'hier' (Paris: Armand Colin), opens with a tribute to the late Duc d'Aumale, reviews the life of Pasteur, discourses on Bismarck and music (apropos of Keudell's reminiscences), on Taine and on Joseph Chamberlain, and ends with remarks on the Russo-Japanese war. Among the unenumerated papers is one, written in 1902, after the November elections, on Theodore Roosevelt, which one cannot help suspecting of

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irony. Its character-reading is based upon 'The Strenuous Life,' in which the Viscount hears "the accent of a Hohenzollern." Nowhere in it, he says, will you find stress laid upon the intrinsic virtue of the words Republic, Democracy, Liberty, Humanity. The progress of the United States Mr. Roosevelt does not attribute to glittering generalities (*formules abstraites*), but to the qualities of the men who suitably apply the generalities, and who are not so stupid as to wish to impose on other people, their rivals, the tool they approve for themselves. Mr. Roosevelt has no Cæsarian aspirations. "He would only be a Washington, but an imperialist Washington." Our masses seek a history; even, "c'est une patrie qu'il nous faut." Roosevelt is the man to satisfy our two-fold longing, "to get together and to extraterritorialize." "He knows that a Constitution is a frame adjustable to the measure of men, and that the most rigid lends itself to whatever a brave heart can or will draw from it." True, but save us from our friends.

—The question when, whence, and by what route the present Aryan population settled in Scandinavia and particularly in Norway has for nearly a thousand years been a mooted one. Snorri Sturluson and other Icelandic historians, from the thirteenth century down, sought to solve it in their own way by means of a pragmatic interpretation of the old myths, describing how Odin and the other "Asia-men" had come from Asia at the time when the "chieftains of the Romans were roaming about the world," first to Russia, thence to Germany and Denmark, and finally to Sweden; whence his successors came to Norway. Active discussion arose, about the middle of the last century, when the "Norwegian historical school," under the leadership of P. A. Munch, formed a peculiar theory of Norway's settlement by an immigration along the Russian Baltic provinces and the northern shores of the Gulf of Bothnia. It might have been expected that the growing study of prehistoric archæology would advance our knowledge in this matter, but, so far, no definite light has been derived from this quarter. Recently, Dr. Andr. M. Hansen of Christiania, under the sponsorship of men like Sophus Bugge, Brögger, Nansen, etc., produced a fascinating book, 'Landnaam i Norge' (Settlement of Norway), in which he advances entirely new theories. He starts from a discussion of the relative age of the names of Norwegian farms, on the basis of the posthumous work of Oluf Rygh, and endeavors to show that the earliest settlement of an Aryan population in Norway (and to some extent in Sweden) is represented by farms in different parts of the country whose names have the words "vin" and "heim" as the second component part. This settlement corresponds to the bronze age. The second stage is represented by farm names ending in "stadir," corresponding to the early iron age, and a third stage by names ending in "rud" and "setr," corresponding to the "younger iron" (or "viking") age. In Denmark, on the other hand, our author thinks that the first Aryan settlement corresponds to the neolithic period. In the kitchen-middens and other remains of the palæolithic period in Denmark, as well as in the Norwegian and "Arctic" stone implements, he finds evidence of a pre-Aryan population which, both in Denmark and in Norway, existed before and, to a certain extent, simultaneously with, the first Aryan inhabitants. This pre-Aryan population was a tribe of huntsmen and fishers, while the Aryans from the first were agriculturists, whose existence was dependent upon certain geological and botanical conditions. It is this pre-Aryan population which by the Aryans is characterized by the name of "Finns," and it differs anthropologically as well as ethnically from the "Lapps," who are immigrants of a much later date. These original Finns have mixed with and become a part of the Scandinavian (Aryan) population. The author seeks support for his theory in a thorough and most interesting study of the flora, fauna, and geology, as well as the archæology, of Scandinavia and of Norway in particular.

AN ARTIST-PATRIOT.

Giovanni Costa: His Life, Work, and Times. By Olivia Rossetti Agusti. Illustrated. London: Grant Richards. 1904.

Giovanni Costa, painter and patriot, whom Rome honored last spring by a public funeral, was one of the most distinguished artists of our time. His studies of the Roman Campagna have been judged by eminent French and English painters worthy to take their place among the masterpieces of Italian art, for the poetic feeling of their conception as well as for their exquisite quality of workmanship. Few of those, even among his intimate friends, who knew the artist in later years had any exact idea of the important part he played as a soldier and conspirator in the cause of United Italy. Olivia Agusti has in the book of his life given a very lucid account of the political events in which he was prominent; his own adventures she transcribed from his lips. Many interesting episodes are here for the first time told of Mazzini, Garibaldi, Cairoli, and other patriots less known to fame, but who none the less gave their life to the cause with that splendid self-sacrifice and enthusiasm which characterized the epoch.

Giovanni Costa was born in Rome on the 15th of October, 1826, the fourteenth child of wealthy industrials; his father, Gioacchino Costa, being the owner of a large wool-spinning industry in the Trastévere, where he lived with all the dignity of a *capo popolo*, enjoying at the same time the most cordial relations with his workpeople. His memory is beloved to this day by the older inhabitants of the district. It was in his father's house that Costa spent the first twelve years of his life, with the change in summer to the family villa outside Porta Portese, surrounded by a vineyard. His education, according to prevailing custom, was entrusted, from the age of six, to a priest, Don Pasquale by name, who, being an idealist and a republican, inspired his pupil with fervid enthusiasm for the heroes of ancient history, although he was unable to overcome the skeptical tendencies which the child showed already, by refusing to accept the idea that the Eternal Father was an old man with a beard, living up in the clouds, according to the conventional conception of the Deity. Plutarch's Lives; Livy's History, and stories from the Bible formed the basis of Costa's early studies, and incited his idealistic temperament to self-sacrifice and deeds of valor; but, like most children brought up in the Catholic faith, he had certain orthodox duties to perform, among others to serve the mass in Santa Maria in Orto, when he used, in order to get off earlier, to hurry the officiating priest through the prayers by ringing violently the little bell which announces the elevation of the host. His favorite diversion was to get permission of the sacristan to be in the belfry, where, by swinging on the ropes, he helped ring out the chimes.

Costa evinced a great disposition for art from an early age. Before entering college, at the age of twelve, he had already shown some of his drawings to Camuccini, a painter of repute, who encouraged him to look about him, to study nature, and to paint directly from life—advice strangely opposed to the practice of that artist, who was a follower of the neo-classic school founded by David, the French painter. It was during the five years at Montefiascone, while Costa was at a college kept by priests, that his great love of nature manifested itself and became part of his being, developed probably by the beauty of the surrounding country. Montefiascone is situated on the summit of a mountain before which stretches a fertile valley in whose midst glitters the broad expanse of the Lake of Bolsena with its islands; the valley is surrounded by little hills crowned by mediæval fortresses, forming gray masses of stone against the sky; the Tyrrhene Sea appears as a blue line on the horizon, while the little River Marta meanders through the plain, like a silver ribbon; the towns of Toscanella and Corneto are points of interest in the view. The study of Virgil and Theocritus in these congenial surroundings gave a special direction to Costa's impressions of landscape; here it was that he began to make direct studies from nature with pen and pencil. These early efforts were much appreciated by his fellow-pupils, who acquired them for small sums which he spent in food to supplement the college diet, far from satisfying on fast days the healthy appetite of the young student.

It was at the age of seventeen, when at the Bandinelli College in Rome (also kept by priests), where Costa spent two years, that he was first allowed to study drawing under Durantini, his vocation as an artist being every evident, although his elder brothers, and especially Gioacchino, then at the head of the family, much objected to Giovanni choosing a career so ill considered at that time as that of an artist, when a regular official employment could have been obtained for him. On leaving the Bandinelli College at the age of nineteen, Costa began his art studies in real earnest, at first in Camuccini's studio, where he soon convinced himself that academic artificiality was not what he was seeking for; he tried the official academy a few months later, and worked there under Coghetti, a Bergamasc master celebrated for religious pictures; also under Baron Podesti of the Romantic school, and Agricola; but these painters did not satisfy this ardent seeker after truth, who went straight to nature, recognizing that only from her by patient study and loving research could he acquire the knowledge he so much longed for.

He was engaged upon his first painting of a wood of hazel-nut trees when the needs of his country incited him to lay aside the

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brush for the sword. Although his family belonged to the clerical party and were opposed by all their traditions to revolutionary ideas, he never hesitated an instant, and was among the first to show his sympathy in the march of public events. On the 17th of April, 1847, he made his début in active politics, when, with a small number of Trasteverini, he broke open the gates of the Ghetto, which had been always closed on the Jews after the hour of Ave Maria. The gates were never set up again, and thus the social emancipation of the Jews in Rome became an accomplished fact.

Costa's soldierly part in the subsequent struggles in the cause of independence is extremely well told, with sufficient detail to make the situations comprehensible and interesting. It was in 1849, when the National Assembly proclaimed from the Capitol the fall of the temporal power of the Pope and the creation of the Roman Republic, that Costa first met Mazzini, whose ardent follower he had been and for whom he always preserved the most profound respect, even when he had given him up as a leader, having convinced himself that Mazzini's purely abstract ideas were in advance of his age, and that his religious conceptions were too lacking in form to appeal widely to a southern people. Mazzini evidently felt this himself, as the following story relating to the Papal blessing at Easter time, when he was Triumvir, denotes. We quote our author:

"In order to keep the populace calm and sustain its morale, Mazzini was particularly desirous that none of the outward ceremonies of the Church should be omitted, and, with this end in view, he was most anxious to have the benediction given as usual to the crowd from the balcony of St. Peter's on Easter Day. But the difficulty was, Who was to give it? The Pope, on flying to Gaeta, had left no substitute to fill his place, and how find a priest to expose himself to the danger of ultimate reprisals by performing this important ceremony? It was then that Costa came to the rescue: he assured Mazzini he could find his man, and soon settled everthing satisfactorily with Don Felice Spola, who agreed to give the benediction in consideration of a sum of thirty scudi (perhaps suggested to him by Judas's thirty pieces of silver); and so on April 11, 1849, during the brief truce which the French conceded to the young Republic, the vast Piazza of St. Peter's assumed its accustomed aspect of great festal days.

"The devout Roman crowd, amongst them the many peasants in the bright and picturesque costumes, crowded the huge square, in which were drawn up in squadrons the republican troops; and amidst salvoes of the artillery and the solemn booming of the great bells, the apostolic benediction was given from the balcony over the central doorway of the mighty cathedral. Costa was standing beside Mazzini, who, with the other two Triumvirs, Aurelio Saffi and Armelini, was standing watching the ceremony under the loggia of the Swiss Guards. Mazzini stood speechless, impressed by the great spectacle offered by the huge kneeling crowd, and, turning to Costa, he exclaimed: 'It is useless; this religion *lives* and will yet live for long years to come on account of the greatness and beauty of its form.' To conclude the anecdote, I may state that, after the restoration of Pio IX., poor Don Felice Spola was seized by the officers of the Holy Inquisition and disappeared for ever from human ken."

When Garibaldi entered Rome with his legionaries in April of that same year, he accepted the Costas' house at San Francesco à Rissa as his headquarters for a few days; and, recognizing the capacity of Giovanni, placed him on his staff. Costa fought with the brigade the general led against Gen. Oudinot and the French forces, outside Porta San Pancrazio, where success crowned the efforts of the Italian troops and a truce of a month followed, during which time the municipality provisioned Rome for the expected siege and prepared the fortifications.

The fall of the short-lived Republic and the entry of the French troops into Rome destroyed for the time all hope of successful patriotic action, and Giovanni Costa, having fulfilled his duties as a citizen, returned to the study of his art. For ten years he lived almost entirely in the Campagna, chiefly at Ariccia, where he came in contact with many foreign artists of distinction—Cornelius and Overbeck, then in the height of their fame; Piloty, Kraus, Massimo d'Azeglio, Français, Corot, Böcklin, and George Mason, who became his close friend. It was at this time that Costa met the man who had the greatest influence over his artistic development, Charles Coleman, known among his friends as the father of the Campagna Romana school, an Englishman of great artistic ability and originality, who recognized the futility of the art then in vogue, and set to work on his own lines, going straight to nature and studying her aspects with patience and sincere observation. It is interesting to note that Costa derived his impulse in art from an English source, and in his turn had, through his English pupils and followers, a very direct influence on English art.

Costa produced many pictures during the ten years he passed between the Alban Hills, the Sabine range, and the sea; the most noteworthy being "Women Loading Wood on Boats at Porto d'Anzio," and "Ad Fontem Arricinam." The former attracted much attention when exhibited in Rome in 1856 and afterwards in Paris, but was too different from the popular Neapolitan style of art to be understood. It was an epoch-making picture, for, inspired by the Romantic school, it was a revolt against the defects of their system. In this work Costa first revealed himself to be a great artist, equipped with the technical knowledge and sure draughtsmanship without which poetic inspiration and gift of harmonious color so often fail in complete expression. Since the artist's death last year the picture has been acquired by the state to represent him in the Gallery of Modern Art in Rome. He had always refused to part with it, hoping it might ultimately find a place in some national collection. Another of his most representative works, "A Day of Sirocco Weather on the Roman Coast," now belonging to the Rev. Stopford Brooke, is of this period. It represents a desolate and sultry seashore near Ostia, across which a half-nude fisherman laden with a basket is hurrying along, to get his fish speedily out of the hot air. The subject is simple in the extreme, but, in the treatment of stunted trees, a hill, a sandy foreground with sunburnt reeds and grasses, and the line of blue sea crested with foam, Titian comes to one's mind, because of the beauty and fulness of color and breadth of handling. Another fine work of Costa's is that of "Women Stealing Faggots on the Shore near Ardea, with a Libeccio Blowing," which is now at Howard Castle, in Lord Carlisle's collection. This picture, long afterwards completed, was the result of a twenty days' sketching tour with George Mason near Ardea, a seaport of antiquity, now a mere hamlet. The friends painted during the daylight and passed the nights in the open country.

It was in 1853 that Costa first met Frederick Leighton, in the month of May, at the artist's annual picnic at Cervara, in the Roman Campagna, where they had donkey races. Leighton was painting his first great picture, "The Procession of Cimabue," at the time of Costa's first visit to his studio. The intimate friendship which began from that period lasted till the end of their lives. Leighton was the purchaser of the first picture Costa sold, of men lying in a boat at sunset, and it was also his first work exhibited in England, at the Royal Academy in 1857, from which time his pictures were seen yearly at Burlington House, the Grosvenor Gallery, and, later, at the New Gallery, and found their way thence into the collections of English art patrons.

The campaign of 1859 called Costa again to arms. Much as he detested the soldier's life, he believed that an artist should live in his age and do his duty to his country, but we have not space to follow the adventurous career which Olivia Agusti has so well told. Suffice it to say that when, in 1870, Rome was taken by the Italian troops under General Cadorna, after the storming of Porta Pia, Costa was one of the first to enter the city, and, fighting his way to the Capitol, assumed with Vincenzo Rossi the full responsibility of the situation. "He may be said," according to our author, "to have ruled Rome during three days." After the unification and independence of Italy was established, Costa gave his whole attention to reform in the tendency of Italian art, which at that moment was under the influence of Fortuny and his followers, along with the Neapolitan school, of which Domenico Morelli and Palizzi were at the head. His energies and enthusiasm were employed in fighting for high ideals in art against shallow artificiality and commercialism. He wrote art criticisms of great pungency and sincerity, which naturally procured him the life enmity of the person criticised, for he had the gift of epigram, and the arrows of his wit often wounded deeply. He also formed small exhibitions in Rome to cultivate the public taste, in which he would hang together the works that had sincerity of impulse to contrast them with the flashy, meretricious studio pictures then in fashion. During his long life he never neglected an opportunity of coming to the aid of his fellow-artists; he was always ready to teach all those who came to him for artistic direction.

Signora Agusti has done excellently a service to art in gathering together the facts of such an interesting and noble life. The illustrations leave much to be desired, the photogravures being rather black, while those in process are especially inadequate as representations of finished pictures.

A STUDY OF DISRAELI.

Disraeli: A Study in Personality and Ideas. By Walter Sichel. With three illustrations. London: Methuen & Co. 1904.

Beaconsfield. By Walter Sichel. With twelve illustrations. London: Methuen & Co.; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1904.

Of these two volumes, the shorter one is

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an essay; the longer what the author modestly calls a "slight biography" of the *mind* of the subject—"some account, however imperfect, of the ideas that governed him throughout." The time for an adequate biography will not come, it is said, until access is given to the papers confided to the late Lord Rowton, to his correspondence with many eminent men, his letters to the late Queen, his notes of policy, etc., etc. Of course, Mr. Sichel is not satisfied with any one of the several lives that have already appeared. From Brandes to Froude, they "lack the materials for a complete picture." However this may be, Mr. Sichel's sketch and biography give us a fresh and original treatment of a career which will always be full of interest, no matter what the verdict of history on it as a whole may be.

His main object is to make Lord Beaconsfield out a consistent statesman, a man who, having in his youth conceived certain ideas of State polity, spent his life in endeavoring to enforce them, and in the end died happy in seeing them triumphant. Of these ideas, the germ is often to be found in his novels, and we may discover in 'Sybil' some of his views on the labor question, and in 'Contarini Fleming' or 'Coningsby' the principles of statecraft which he enforced at Berlin. We are far from denying unity to Disraeli's career, though we prefer to find it in his character and circumstances and intellectual bent, rather than in any systematized view of government. Had he been what Mr. Sichel supposes him to have been, he would have to be classed at once as an opportunist and a doctrinaire—two rôles which are, both in action and in theory, usually incompatible.

To examine Mr. Sichel's theory of Disraeli in detail would be a waste of time, because it is based on a method the employment of which enables us to prove almost anything. Disraeli ended by being placed at the head of the nation, as the representative of an imperialism based upon a wide extension of the suffrage on the one hand, and magnification of the executive on the other. Now as we know that Disraeli was an imperialist, and also a courtier who had to maintain his power through the agency of a popular body, it is perfectly fair to say that the end crowned the work, and that there is an underlying unity of aim which unites the beginning with the brilliant close of his career. But to undertake to show that the various steps in the process were all thought out as part of a systematic whole, is monstrous. For instance, in 1853, Disraeli was profoundly opposed to "that suffrage of unalloyed democracy which represents the invading agencies of legislative change." Yet if any one helped to democratize Parliament a few years later it was Disraeli. This being the case, it was left for Mr. Sichel to discover the principle of harmony which reconciles his two apparently opposite attitudes. If we understand him, the democratic principle to which Disraeli now appealed was in some mysterious way wholly different from that which he formerly disavowed. What is the mystery? We can discover none, except that the extension of suffrage as arranged by Disraeli was to strengthen the Conservatives, while as arranged by his opponents it would have strengthened the Liberals.

"Disraeli prevented the raid of alien and disruptive democracy from making England a home. Out of the common he extracted the choice. He revived the democracy long inherent in the English Constitution; he naturalized the democratic idea on the soil of tradition and order; and thereby he cemented the solidarity of the State and the welfare of the nation."

Mr. Sichel analyzes the part played by Disraeli with reference to democracy, to labor, to free trade, to the monarchy, to the Church, to the colonies, to foreign politics, and makes what would be for a candidate for office an admirable "campaign biography." To be perfectly fair, however, it is often very much easier for the biographer of Lord Beaconsfield to make out a theoretic harmony in his career than it is to demonstrate the systematic consistency of a stickler for consistency like Gladstone or Peel. Both those statesmen, devotees of lofty ideals in politics, got a bad name among their own followers on the score of the very virtue which they professed, while Disraeli could boast of a constantly increasing solidity of support. He began life with bitter denunciation of the Whigs as an oligarchical party. At the close many of them had deserted Gladstone to follow him. Which had changed?

One fact stands out in these pages that should not be overlooked—that Disraeli combined qualities rarely united in the same person, and whose union gave him extraordinary strength. He was not only an accomplished courtier of the old school, but an eloquent parliamentarian and party leader. In one capacity he got the favor of his sovereign, in the other he was able to keep in favor by means of that very rising tide of democracy and social reform, if not socialism, which seemed about to swamp the Crown, the House of Lords, and the Church. The old statecraft by which the world was managed before his day was the statecraft of courtiers; he had all their maxims by heart, and was in the direct line of descent. But he knew equally well how to court the people, to make them feel that their cause was bound up with Cæsar's, while in Parliament he was by common consent an excellent specimen of a House of Commons leader. Add to this that he was a great wit, and gifted to an extraordinary degree with the art of reading his times and feeling what was coming in the political atmosphere, and you are conscious of being in the presence of an astounding assemblage of qualities. He was consistent in this, that he employed his unrivalled talents in showing the Conservatives how they might make use of the tendencies to which they were constitutionally opposed to consolidate and perpetuate their power. It is a well known fact in the national history of government that the lure of Imperialism is a good bribe for a democracy, while the *imperium* fostered tends to rivet the hold of those in power upon the whole machinery of government. Disraeli, with his half-mocking *Imperium et Libertas*, divined how this lure could be made attractive to Englishmen. He paved the way for the great reaction which has lasted now for the better part of a generation.

Disraeli was great neither as administrator, legislator, nor diplomatist. But he was a born manager of men, and a master of a very peculiar and intricate kind of statecraft. There is nobody with whom he can be profitably compared, except by way of contrast. He stands out from the group in which Peel, Gladstone, Palmerston, Russell, and Derby are marked figures, like a person belonging to another world. And he was in many respects far more like a Continental politician than an Englishman. Bismarck, brought up in the very heart of the old régime, but knowing, like him, how to accommodate himself to the new, felt drawn to Disraeli, as he felt an inborn repugnance to Gladstone. Machiavelli might have recognized in him a worthy pupil. He was a great master of "the greatest of all games," and skilled in every branch of the *ars politica*. For reason, humanity, reform, science, equality, any of the ideals which have played such a wonderful part in the development of the world during the past hundred years, he cared little or nothing, except as they might serve his turn. He devoted himself in a democratic age to the rehabilitation of Conservatism, and, wonderful to relate, succeeded where every one else failed. That his work was a species of imposture is no doubt true; we cannot think of him as a genuine statesman, but as the chief actor and consummate manager of a remarkable political drama, we can never cease to admire him. It is a great tribute to the variety of his genius that, in reading or writing about him, it is difficult to make an end. We never exhaust him or his contrasts. One trait allied with or supplementing those we have mentioned was that singular urbanity which never deserted him, and which enabled him to remain at peace with all the world in the midst of conflict. In foreign affairs he always showed this un-English quality to great advantage; he made no blunders, for instance, during our civil war, such as brought trouble to Gladstone and Lord John Russell. Of his character and mind Mr. Sichel gives a very good picture; as a contribution to systematic political biography, these volumes must not be taken as conclusive.

NORTHLAND SPORT.

Sport and Travel in the Northland of Canada. By David T. Hanbury. The Macmillan Co. 1904.

Unlike Mr. Warburton Pike and others who have gone forth to hunt the musk-ox, Mr. Hanbury is careful to avoid calling the northland of Canada "barren ground." "No land," he says, "can be called 'barren' which bears wild flowers in profusion, numerous heaths, luxuriant grass in places up to the knee, and a variety of moss and lichens. It is barren only in the sense that it is destitute of trees; hence the name 'De-chinu-le' (no trees), which is the Indian name for it." That fertile prairie abounds between Chesterfield Inlet and Great Bear Lake, no one will imagine who has read this book, but Mr. Hanbury shows how it is possible for a man of vigorous constitution to maintain life, health, and spirits within the fringe of the Arctic Circle, even though he wanders about for a long period, taking his food where he finds it. The answer to the conundrum is simple. If you want to be comfortable and happy in a latitude of 65 or 70 degrees, go and live with the Huskies. So far as the ethnological element in this book is concerned, Mr. Hanbury seizes every opportunity to exalt the Eskimo at the expense of the Indians.

Of the two journeys which are here de-

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scribed, the first occupied the summer of 1899, and took Mr. Hanbury from Fort Churchill, on the west shore of Hudson's Bay, to Fort Resolution, on Great Slave Lake. The second, and more important, began at Fort Resolution in July, 1901, and ended at the same point in September, 1902. The route followed in the meantime took Mr. Hanbury eastward by the main Ark-i-lĭnik River (formerly called the Thelewdezzeth) to Depot Island, in the northwestern part of Hudson's Bay, thence to the Arctic Sea, which he skirted as far as the west end of Coronation Gulf, and back to Great Slave Lake by the Coppermine River, Dease River, Great Bear Lake, and the Mackenzie River. In geographical language this second journey covered the region between latitude 62-68° and west longitude 90-125°. It also involved a winter sojourn with the Eskimo on Baker Lake, just above Chesterfield Inlet, and a long course of wandering with them during the summer months. For parts of his route Mr. Hanbury is the first explorer, and most of the country travelled is too remote to be occupied in any way by the agents of the Hudson's Bay Company.

Probably the most serviceable result of this trip is to demonstrate the true character of the Ark-i-lĭnik, which is one of the finest streams in northern Canada, and an easy passage from Great Slave Lake to Hudson's Bay. In the complete absence of information, Mr. Hanbury expected difficulties, and was much surprised to find the route "absurdly easy." "The Ark-i-lĭnik," he says, "is a fine, large river about 300 yards wide, having an even steady current of from four to five miles an hour. For the entire distance over which we followed the main river, there is not a sign of any rough water which could possibly be called a rapid, and the river is navigable for a steamer of considerable draught nearly the whole way." This passage is not unlikely to catch the eye of sportsmen who are on the lookout for fresh fields, especially when reinforced by Mr. Hanbury's allusions to the abundance of musk-oxen in the vicinity.

"On the main Ark-i-lĭnik River there is a stretch of country about eighty miles in length into which no human being enters. The Eskimo do not hunt so far west, and Yellow Knives and Dog Ribs from Slave Lake do not go so far east. . . . Thus there still remains one spot in this great barren northland which is sacred to the musk-ox. Here the animals remain in their primeval state, exhibiting no fear, only curiosity. I approached several herds within thirty yards, photographed them at my leisure, moving them round as I wished, and then retired, leaving them still stupidly staring at me as if in wonder. When deer were not procurable, a musk-ox was killed. Fish were plentiful all along the Ark-i-lĭnik; in fact, I never saw such a grand river for fish."

On the strength of these words we imagine that the Ark-i-lĭnik region will not long remain "a country into which no human being enters."

Another geographical contribution of much interest springs out of Mr. Hanbury's trouble in getting from Bloody Falls on the Coppermine River into the northeastern corner of Great Bear Lake. Here the obstacles and inconveniences which he had apprehended on the Ark-i-lĭnik were met with in large numbers, and had it not been for the loyal assistance of Eskimo, the frequency of portages would have forced him to abandon all his scientific collections. From time to time the economic possibilities of the northland are made a subject of brief reference, but Mr. Hanbury frankly states that he went for sport and travel, not for elaborate geographical or scientific work. When on the skirts of the Arctic Sea, he was at some pains to see whether any large deposits of pure copper could be found. The reports of the Eskimo regarding the abundance of this metal were gorgeous in the extreme. For example, one of the Husky guides told Mr. Hanbury that near Fowler Bay a block of copper weighing more than a ton was lying on the shore. "If we had gone to this place, I felt quite convinced that Hun would have said it was at some other place that copper was really plentiful, so I did not think it worth while to alter our course." Native copper, however, was found in many places, and seemed to exist in considerable quantities. Mr. Hanbury differs from Mr. Tyrrell of the Canadian Geological Survey regarding the amount of timber along the course of the Ark-i-lĭnik River, although he considers that if any discovery of precious metals were ever made in the vicinity this belt of spruce would possess economic value.

While Mr. Hanbury's geographical discoveries are of enough moment to attract notice, the *pièce de résistance* of his book is undoubtedly his account of Eskimo habits. Not since the days of Captain Coats, a hundred and fifty years ago, have the Huskies found a friend so sympathetic. Mr. Hanbury feels at home the moment he gets into their society, and under their guidance will trust himself anywhere in the north. Their good nature he contrasts with the sulkiness of the Indians. Their willingness, loyalty, and cleanliness he rates high when measured by the same standard. He can live with complete serenity in their snow huts, which he defends against charges of over-heating and bad ventilation. He has found them honest in their dealings with whites, though they have a little game of pilfering from each other. Their notions of sexual morality are not those of Europeans, and the struggle for existence prevents them from showing filial piety toward the aged. Otherwise, Mr. Hanbury gives them an extremely good character.

"The Huskies are like happy and contented children, always laughing and merry, good-natured and hospitable. Everything that they possess, food, clothes, footgear, and services, are at the disposal of the white strangers." "To counterbalance an occasional display of sulks, the Husky has many good, even noble qualities. The good Husky knows no fear and never gets excited, either on land or on water, in attacking a polar bear with spear or ancient musket, or in standing out to sea in a whaleboat in a gale of wind." "We then packed up, loaded the canoes and bade farewell to our faithful Huskies, Amer and Pitz. We parted with much regret on my part, and with, I may hope, a little on theirs. They had been in my service for a year, and had behaved like the manly fellows they were."

These are a few of the many passages in which Mr. Hanbury testifies to the good qualities of the Eskimo.

No modern book descriptive of an unexplored region is complete without a collection of photographs. On his first and shorter expedition Mr. Hanbury had the misfortune to lose his camera and plates in a canoe accident, just as the party was within reach of its destination. The next time, however, he met with better success, and his narrative is accompanied by a fine series of illustrations which often bring out the physical features of the country traversed more graphically than any words. In telling his story Mr. Hanbury refrains from using flowers of language, and relies chiefly upon the daily jottings of his journal. Partly because he writes well and partly because he has a capital subject, his book is one which can be laid down only with reluctance. It conveys the zest of healthy life amid the illimitable wastes of the North, and enables us to realize why people who seem forced by no necessity are willing to stay for months at a time where the temperature ranges from 5 to 50 degrees below zero.

A single word should be said concerning the appendixes. Though scientific investigation lay outside his original purpose, Mr. Hanbury collected many species of minerals, flora, and butterflies. These have been determined by experts, and separate lists of them are given for the benefit of students. The author adds running notes of his own on the main features of geological formation. In addition to the scientific jottings, lists of articles for trade, of food supplies, and of medical equipment are furnished. Mr. Hanbury carried good thermometers with him, and devotes ten pages to detailed meteorological observations which embrace the maximum and minimum readings for each day. Finally, he gives a long and most interesting glossary of Eskimo words as taken down from the dictation of the Hudson Bay Company's interpreter at Churchill.

Nyasaland under the Foreign Office. By H. L. Duff of the British Central Africa Administration. With illustrations and map. The Macmillan Co. 1903. 8vo, pp. xvi., 422.

Nyasaland, or the British Central Africa Protectorate as it is officially termed, is Dr. Livingstone's legacy to his countrymen. In his last journey through it he found the land was being devastated by the Arab slave-hunters, and the only effectual means of checking their raids seemed to him to be the establishment of a mission on Lake Nyasa. His appeals for aid for the natives were unheeded until his death aroused a deep interest in this part of Africa. Then the two great Scotch churches founded missions here, and the African Lakes Company was formed to coöperate with them and to develop the resources of the country. The success of these missionaries and traders was so great that the Arabs, recognizing in them their deadliest foes, sought to destroy them, and it was in their defence that the British Government intervened and constituted the Protectorate.

In 1898 Mr. Duff began a five years' service as one of the fifty Englishmen who form the administrative body. At his lonely station his recreations were apparently two—hunting, and noting down at night the impressions and information gained from the experiences of the day. This book consists of these notes put into coherent shape, and, being written amid the scenes and people treated of, has unusual freshness and life. It begins with a short description of the country and the events which led to its occupation, and of the

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districts in the Shiré Highlands and on the lake over which the author had charge. Chapters on the fauna and flora, from the point of view of an intelligent lover of nature, not a scientist, succeed, with interesting details of the big game and the best methods of hunting it. More voluminous and valuable is a study of the people, their tribal organization, physical, moral and mental qualities, their religion, rites, customs and industries. The book closes with a too-brief summary of the Protectorate policy and the duties of the English official. The first of these is to understand the native and to win his confidence, and a better illustration of the faithfulness of these empire-builders to their task than these chapters afford it would be difficult to find. Mr. Duff's description of the native is photographically minute. Yet, although apparently there is hardly a trait or custom upon which he has not touched, he confesses that the portrait is not complete; that, simple though the native may seem to be, this observer does not understand him fully.

"I have lived among the people of Central Africa for five years, and have mixed with them more intimately, perhaps, than most white men, since it has been my profession to administer the affairs of some forty thousand of them, to hear their complaints, redress their grievances, and punish their offences. Yet to-day I feel less positive as to their ultimate capabilities, less ready to pronounce a decided judgment upon them, than I did when I had been only six months in the country."

It is doubtful, in fact, whether any European, whatever his experience of the natives, arrives at a full comprehension of the workings of their minds and hearts. No one can read these pages, however, without feeling that there is much of promise in the Bantu, notwithstanding his nearness to the brute. He is generous, hospitable, brave, and "wonderfully patient of toil" in case of need, not wantonly cruel, with strong affection for his young children, and cheerful. "I doubt whether any other people in the world talk so much or laugh so much. Their laughter is particularly healthy, natural, and unrestrained—a most exhilarating sound." His loyalty to his tribe is so fine that a relatively trivial offence by one member against another is liable to be punished by death, while the same act committed against another tribesman would be held to be praiseworthy and its perpetrator a hero. "They have among them *nothing in the nature of a criminal class*, as we understand the term; no 'submerged tenth,' no body of habitual or professional evildoers, such as prey upon the rich and polished societies of the Occident." It is not surprising, then, that the change from the savage government, upheld by a policy of terror, to the white man's rule causes a temporary deterioration. The putting down of inter-tribal warfare takes from the savage almost the only incentive for the cultivation of his higher faculties—the ability for attack and defence. The tribal organizations are dissolved; the large villages are abandoned, and the people are scattered by families over the land. Although crimes of the first magnitude are almost unknown, yet, under the leniency of civilized law, minor offences such as theft and adultery increase. But Mr. Duff finds in this inevitable sinking to a lower level for a time no reason for a withdrawal from the country, as some advocates of "native rights" demand. "Africa for the Africans is all very well," he writes, "but to leave Central Africa to the Central Africans to-morrow would be to leave it to the slave-raider and the freebooter, to plunge it, on the instant, into the confusion and bloodshed from which it has been rescued."

Of his precise duties as an official he says but little. The Protectorate policy is to govern the people, so far as possible, through their chiefs. The white man's task is simply to repress crime and to administer justice. A fundamental principle in dealing with the native is to be patient, "for to lose patience with him is to lose everything. The long hours spent in sitting on a camp-stool listening to his diffuse arguments are not wasted. There is no surer way of winning his confidence than to give him a fair hearing. Cut his stupid story short, send him away puzzled and rebuffed, and he will trouble you no more certainly, but neither will he ever come again to tell you little things that you may very much wish to know—what the villagers are saying about such and such a matter; where the thieves are hiding who stole your loads; whether the path you used to travel by is practicable or not; in what dambo [open glade] the elands are feeding, and where the elephants have gone."

Mr. Duff has decided views in regard to the labor problem. He is confident that to take the Central African negro to work in the mines of the Transvaal, as has been proposed, would result in his deterioration. Besides, the demands of his own rich land for development are far greater than the present population can supply.

We regret the failure to give facts showing the progress made since the establishment of the Protectorate. In an appendix are printed the game regulations, in which we note that of elephants (male only) and rhinoceroses only two can be killed by a single hunter, and the largest number of any one animal allowable is thirty. There are two elephant preserves. These restrictions do not apply in their entirety to natives who "appear to be dependent on the flesh of wild animals for their subsistence."

North Carolina: A Study in English Colonial Government. By Charles Lee Raper, Ph.D., Associate Professor of Economics and Associate Professor of History in the University of North Carolina. 1904. Pp. xiii., 260.

No one, perhaps, has appreciated more fully the necessity of a careful study of the colonial period from the point of view of English administration, and no one has done more to illuminate the general subject of colonial history, than Prof. H. L. Osgood of Columbia University. While awaiting the publication of the comprehensive work which he has promised for the near future, we note with great interest the very good special studies now appearing, of which Dr. Raper's book is one, that have been inspired by and bear the impress of his teaching.

Dr. Raper's book is not a history of North Carolina, but (as its sub-title indicates) strictly a systematic study of the administration of North Carolina, mainly during the royal period. The proprietary period, 1663-1729, is dismissed in a short introductory chapter. While, from the point of view of administration, the proprietary period merits no more extended treatment, it is unfortunate that this chapter is not as well done as the succeeding ones. The author has not presented very clearly either the aims of the proprietors, the actual governmental organization, or the conditions that led to the surrender of the charter. Almost the whole of the book is devoted to the crown period, however, and here the result is satisfactory. The treatment is systematic, not chronological. In separate chapters Dr. Raper considers the Governor, the Council, the Assembly, the territorial system, the fiscal system, the judicial system, the system of defence, conflicts between the Executive and the Assembly, and the downfall of the royal Government. In dealing with the chief departments of the system, Dr. Raper first states the organization and functions of each as revealed in the documents, and then summarizes briefly the way it worked in practice. So, likewise, in the chapter on the land system, the system of defence, etc.; all especially valuable because this phase of colonial history is the one that has been most consistently neglected.

What stands out clearly in this study is the fact that the colonial organization as a whole was made up of two mutually hostile parts, representing respectively the English Government and the colony. Ultimately, of course, all officials derived their authority from the English Government, but practically the Governor and Council were appointed by the Crown directly, represented the interests of the Crown, and stood for monarchical principles, while the Assembly was appointed by the colony, represented the colonists, and stood for the democratic principles that thrive in a frontier community. The Governor, therefore, looked at the colony from the point of view of imperial policy, and the Assembly at the empire from that of colonial needs. This inevitable opposition of interests and principles is revealed throughout the study, but Dr. Raper devotes a separate chapter to the special questions on which the Governor and the Assembly clashed. The final chapter, on the downfall of the royal Government, was perhaps necessary, but it is scarcely more than a conventional treatment of the events leading up to the Revolution.

What Dr. Raper has done has been in the main well done. Two criticisms, however, suggest themselves. In limiting himself too carefully to the public documents, the author has left a stronger impression of the theoretical side of the administration than of the practical. There is a certain documentary flavor. In the second place, it might be suggested that some things have been omitted that should have been included, or, at any rate, that should have been more fully treated. Ecclesiastical organization was perhaps not of great importance in North Carolina, but it merits more than a mention. Party organization and methods should certainly have been considered in connection with the Assembly. The laws of trade, and the machinery by which they were sought to be enforced, had a more important bearing on colonial administration than the author leads us to suppose. The steady tendency was to increase the number of officials appointed directly by the Crown in proportion as the Governor was found inefficient to maintain the interests of the home Government against the Assembly. A more careful study

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of the proprietary period would have convinced Dr. Raper of the importance of this tendency.

A bibliography of the sources, limited to public documents in print and in MS., is appended. The index is fair.

The American City: A Problem in Democracy. By Delos F. Wilcox. Macmillan Co. 1904.

This essay has scarcely more to do with the actual conduct of municipal government than the late Mr. Bellamy's 'Looking Backward' had to do with existing society. The difficulties and limitations pointed out in so masterly a way by Major Darwin in his 'Municipal Trade' are here almost entirely ignored. It is admitted again and again that, with human nature as it has exhibited itself in our city governments, we need expect little improvement in their condition. Moreover, there is much in city life that does not tend to improve human nature. To the success of democracy, three things are said to be essential: The great body of the people must be intelligent and have social capacity; they must have a strong interest in local institutions; and they must be able to give much time and thought to their political interests. But the addition of hordes of ignorant immigrants, the destruction of local ties through the increased mobility of men, and the exigencies of the industrial struggle have been adverse influences. And all these adverse influences culminate in cities.

It might seem, therefore, that before multiplying offices and enlarging their functions, the necessary reform of human nature should be effected. On the contrary, Mr. Wilcox assumes that civic virtue would be increased by increasing the demands upon it, just as our Imperialists maintained that we ought to conquer the Filipinos in order to purify our own political life. The necessary development of civic virtue is to be effected by government. The spectacle of government as it is actually administered is not edifying, but the public schools are to furnish the corrective. The kindergarten, manual training, playgrounds, vacation schools, and baths—these are to produce that broad-minded altruism without which democracy must collapse. Assistance is to come also from municipal parades and theatrical entertainments, which, "under municipal auspices, are a legitimate and almost necessary means for the protection of morals and the training of citizenship." The willingness to subordinate personal and private interest to public welfare, which is the essence of civic spirit, is conditioned on *panem* as well as *circenses*. "The single tax upon land values is the most promising of all the planks in the programme of civic reform, except the change in human nature proposed by the evangelists of the gospel of love."

Cautious men will prefer that these evangelists should have their perfect work before the single tax is adopted, even if such preference suggest distrust of the virtue of the people. This distrust appears to be regarded by Mr. Wilcox as something in the nature of treason. He forbids us to say that the programme of the collectivists cannot be carried out, for that would be to abandon the theory of democracy. That theory, as here stated, will appear to many as something that had better be abandoned as a preliminary to any rational reform of our government. People who have not been faithful over a few things do not deserve to be made rulers over many things.

Much of this book, we should add, is occupied with the recital of various measures of municipal reform and with the methods of dealing with the problems of public utilities, revenues, debts, etc. Many facts of interest are brought out, but their arrangement is not such as to make it easy to get a comprehensive view of municipal government as it is.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Hodges, Rev. George. Fountains Abbey: The Story of a Mediæval Monastery. E. P. Dutton & Co. $3 net.
Huelsen, Ch. Das Forum Romanum. Rome: Loescher & Co.; New York: Lemcke & Buechner.
Koeppen, A., and Breuer, C. Geschichte des Möbels. New York, No. 64 East Twelfth St.: Bruno Hessling. $6.
Louvrière, Emile. Edgar Poe: Sa Vie et son Œuvre. Paris: Félix Alcan. 10 francs.
Miltoun, Francis. The Cathedrals of Southern France. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. $1.50.
Morrison, Arthur. The Green Diamond. New ed. Boston: L. C. Page & Co.
Mulets, Lenore E. Stories of Little Animals. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. $1.
Roberts, C. G. D. The Lord of the Air. New ed. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. 50c.
Sylvester, James Joseph. Mathematical Papers, Vol. I.—1837-1853. Cambridge: The University Press; New York: The Macmillan Co. 18s. net.
Tomlins, William L. The Laurel Song-Book. Boston: C. C. Birchard & Co.
Vloreck, George Sylvester. Gedichte. New York: Brentano's.
Vogüé, E. M. de. Sous l'Horizon: Hommes et Choses d'hier. Paris: Armand Colin. 3.50 francs.
Wade, May H. Our Little Turkish Cousin. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. 60c.
Wernle, Paul. The Beginnings of Christianity. Vol. II., The Development of the Church. (Theological Translation Library.) G. P. Putnam's Sons.
West, Willis Mason. The Ancient World. Part I., Greece and the East. (Allyn & Bacon's Series of School Histories.) Boston: Allyn & Bacon.
Wilson, Anne C. Hints for the First Years of Residence in India. Oxford: The Clarendon Press; New York: Henry Frowde. 1s. 6d net.
Xenophontis Opera Omnia. Vol. III.—Expeditio Cyri. Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York: Henry Frowde, 2s. 6d.

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